CHICKEN-HEAD RECORDS

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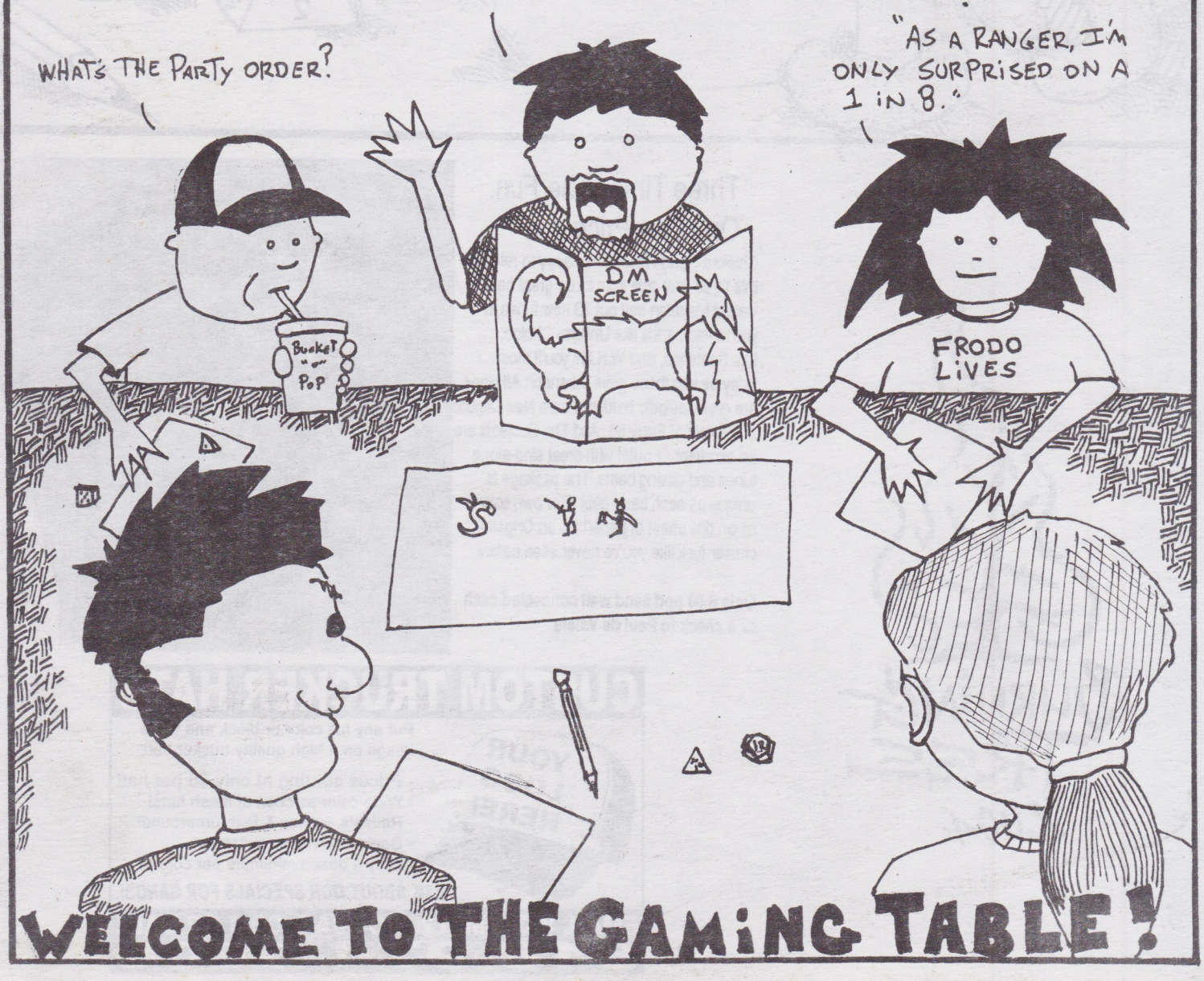
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JANUARY 2004 PUBLISHED
QUARTERLY PRINT RUN 2000
FREE IN PERSON OR $1.00
VIA MAIL.

AD RATES:

1/4 PAGE	20.00
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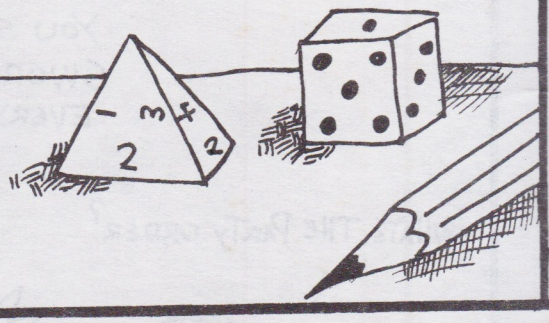

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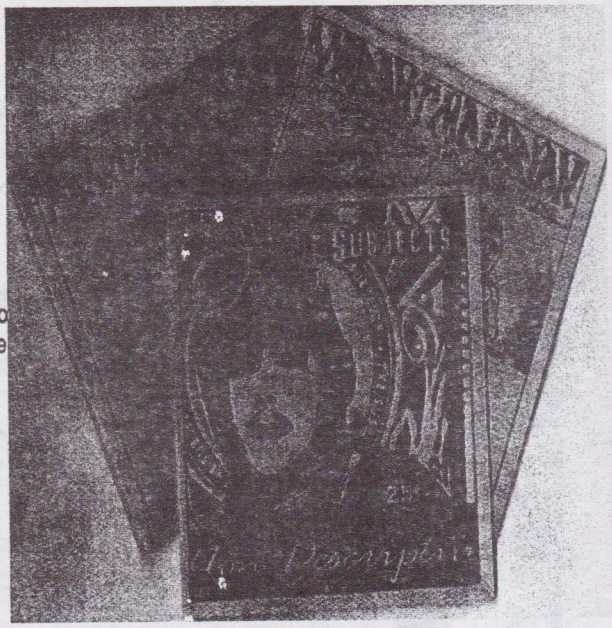

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Go home, leave, go back to where ever it was you came from. You say you're an actor, I say you're a waiter, stripper, or are featured in various adult themed entertainments for the rest of us (mostly Bruce). Until recently in my life, I had managed to avoid all contact with these Hollywood, mom send some more money, I almost got the part types. Since I live in the SFV, I guess it was bound to happen, sooner or later that I'd meet some people living in the 818 that had 310 area codes on their cell phones, so they could have the appearance of being successful. I say to you wannabe actors: you want to act, then act like you're taking my order. It amazes me to no end that people still come from all over the country, and the world for that matter, to try and "make it" in Hollywood. No one that I know that grew up out here wants anything to do with it, do you? All these people have congregated here and this creates many problems for us "little people." Firstly, all the assholes from everywhere else come here. People say that LA is full of assholes and they're right, but what they don't mention is these assholes are all the assholes from everywhere else. This means that there is a surplus of assholes in our town, and that there are not enough assholes in other parts of the country. I think that we natives need to address this "Extra Asshole Factor" or EAF. These mother EAFer's have an infectious quality and start to turn others around them into assholes. In other parts of the country, there are less assholes per square mile then there should be, this creates an asshole deficiency demographic or ADD. ADD makes other places too nice, as all the assholes who have moved to LA from these places make it so when people from those other places have to deal with a real asshole, they are unprepared as they've been deprived of their required asshole dose or RAD. Now, all these extra assholes clog up our freeways, allow places like The California Pizza Kitchen to exist (walnuts on pizza, they should be killed). And since most assholes are never to blame for their own problems, we have a sea of scumbag lawyers and psychologists to assess and fine others for their own actions. All of these bloodsuckers and snake oil salesmen, SUV driving and double latte sucking, cell phone blabbing detritus we deal with from these pricks greatly diminishes our quality of life. It also means you have to be careful who you choose as friends, as these assholes want to be actors after all, and they may act like your friend until they climb up the social ladder and then break the rungs below them leaving you with you dick in your hand so to speak. But do not fear real people, for I predict that the end will soon come for these assholes, and they will have to stay in Iowa, or wherever it was they came from. And on a similar note, I hate it when people talk about actors being nice or assholes. "Oh, I heard so and so is an asshole." No fucking shit! Really? Of course they are assholes, or at least they are indiscriminant as to whose dick they suck. Who cares if some guy you're never going to meet is an asshole? Don't we meet enough assholes in everyday life that the addition of an asshole that plays a doctor on television to our daily asshole dosage would be completely unnecessary? That guy who cut me off, he's an asshole. My neighbor is an asshole; I get enough crap from assholes thank-you very much. As if someone being an asshole is some sort of shock, and people seem to forget that they have to deal with assholes every god damn day, so an actor being an asshole is something new?

The entertainment industry has become so complacent in their avarice that movie producers have started going over the border to Canada to make their stupid films. It is an industry after all, and they have a bottom line to hold, so like any company with basic business acumen they will manufacture their goods where it is cheapest. I see these guys with a Canada flag with a line though it on their trucks and I just laugh. Most of the stuff these people do for a lot of money everyone else does for low pay or for free. I had Universal Pictures come to me to buy some bikes for that movie Sea Biscuit. The guy who found me gets 28.00 an hour to shop. He gets paid to shop with someone else's money. Would you like to get paid to shop? 28 dollars an hour to hang out in the mall? Who wouldn't; it's ridiculous and it seems that more and more movies will be made in other locales that have not gotten fat from entertainment coffers. The bean counters have started to figure this out, and the work will start to dry up, as it does, people will leave. So this is a good thing. Secondly, technology is getting these bastards all wound up. Between the increasing quality of digital cameras and the internet, there has been a great increase of independent films and piracy of major motion pictures. With a computer and a video camera one can make and edit their own films. I'm not saying these are by any means better than quality flicks such as The League of Banal Gentlemen, they are usually much worse. But this is a sign that people have the means and the drive to make their own stuff; these independent films are now competing for the moviegoers' dollars in ever-increasing numbers. With the net, we can get first run movies off our computer. This piracy has the entertainment industry scared. If you've been to the movies lately, you may have seen an ad speaking out

against piracy. This shows us that they see piracy as a definite problem that may even cause the industry's collapse as we know it. As we move from the analog age to the digital one, piracy will become all the more commonplace and easy. And to this I say ARRR! Be warned you scurvy dogs, there be pirates in these here waters. I know a lot of people that have our label's last release but never bought it, as they burned copies from their friends. And to that I say, "great!" I'm not in it for the money obviously but for the love of underground music. If I wanted money, I'd get into real estate or some other douchey profession. Now we see that technology has been working against the entertainment industry; it also has been working for them as well. Computer programs have been developed to deal with the logistical and expensive problem of having a slew of people in the background of a movie. The first movie they did this in was The Patriot. Being the piece of dog shit it was, it was revolutionary in that it saved millions in hiring, dressing, and feeding all the assholes it would take to make the battle scenes. It's not too far off where someone develops a program where they can replace everyone in the background, I'd say in the next five years such technology would be commonplace, and there aren't that many positions at Jerry's Deli, so these people will have to get out of dodge as well. In addition to the background people becoming rightfully unemployed, the actors themselves will become more scarce, as they will be replaced by computer generated people that will be just as real to the viewer but save the studio millions. It's already starting to happen, as you've most likely seen, and it will continue to grow as a tactic to reduce costs. You also see a trend that many movies have much less star power in them. Big name actors cost big time dollars, and when every waiter, gas station attendant, & Starbuck's employee would gladly take their place, there is a virtually unlimited supply of actors to fill the void. Actors are like minimum wage unskilled workers: fire one; there are hundreds if not thousands to take their place. This shift will mean that less people will be able to make a career out of acting, as once they start to demand more money; they will be dropped for cheaper, newer talent. So your days are numbered Hollywood! Get out now while you still can.

I'm calling this one The Death of Cinema. What the hell has happened to the movies? I mean, the movies themselves, the moviegoers, the advertising, and the whole movie-going experience in general. First off, the movies themselves are dogshit! The Matrix 2 smelled ass, but the public are so dense, this is what they consider to be a good movie. Either that or they just don't care. I haven't seen the third installment of this trilogy, and I have no interest in doing so. Sequels are made for one reason- programmed success. Following format guarantees box office revenues. Deviating from the norm can produce a "flop." Back when I was a kid, a flop was a movie that sucked. Now, a flop is a movie that doesn't make money. It can be a total piece of crap, but if it makes money, you can bet your ass that there will be at least 2 more sequels in the franchise. A successful movie can have more sequels attached to it than Bush has speechwriters. So knowing this, why does the public continue to support this industry by participating? I believe it is because people are getting progressively stupider. This is in evidence at your local movie theater. If you sold your house, and were then able to afford to see a $9+ movie on opening night, you will have no doubt have experienced similar situations to the one I will now describe. The exorbitant price of the admission fills my mind as I contemplate a few facts. First, I could have bought a 12 pack of Bass for $2 more. Next, I have to now wait in a line that is second only in its annoyance factor to the one at the d.m.v. Third, after waiting in a hellacious line, I have to make a mad scramble to get seats, that is, if I actually want to sit next to the people I came with. Fourth, I get to watch 20 minutes of commercials. This is ridiculous! Advertisers pay for air time on TV, and that is how the shows are paid for. Now when you watch a movie, you get to sit through commercials advertisers and you are paying for. That's bullshit, especially when you see no reduction in the ticket price. I feel if you have to sit through commercials, then the revenues paid by the advertisers should eat some of the ticket price. I mean, they're getting a captive audience of consumers, and they pay hundreds of thousands of dollars to get the same thing from TV, and hence, TV is free. Fifth, I get to be surrounded by the cast of The Fast And The Furious, and enjoy their witty banter (dawg), whilst they share it with their homie during the movie via cellular phone. I know for a fact that people cannot behave in a public setting anymore. I know this statement may seem hypocritical from a drunken maniac like myself, but even I don't think I have the right to ruin something that someone else has paid for. When these assholes get into a movie theater on opening night, they take the opportunity to act out. They do this because they never received the proper attention and discipline they craved and needed as children. So, it is our misfortune that we who just wanna' watch a fuckin' $9 movie, and drink a $4 dollar coke must now deal with

some attention whore. This is sad and maddening I mean, when I was a kid I would get my ass beaten if I behaved this way. Maybe that's not a fair comparison though, because I have knowledge that these people don't-I know who my father is, and I was taught that if you fuck up it's the belt, the shoe, or whatever is at hand strapping your ass. On another note, doesn't everybody hate the guys with the infrared penlight? I mean, what pieces of shit these guys are. I went to see Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers, and before the movie even started, one of these red light asswipes started his shit. I promptly stood up and said, " if you do that during the movie, I'll break your fucking hands!" Another guy showed solidarity with me and said, "you'll have to wait in line buddy." I'm glad to see that another geek was fed up with this kind of behavior. Don't get me wrong, I'm all for acting the fool, but you're not gonna' do it while I'm trying to see something I paid for. That would be the equivalent of me screaming in your ears at a concert-in other words, unacceptable. Another type of moviegoer the world could do without is the Arm Chair Ebert. These people either critique the film as it is in progress, or they have brought someone who is, or are themselves as dumb as a fucking fencepost and need to have everything going on explained to them. If you find yourself watching a Charlie's Angels movie and exhibiting either of the two aforementioned behaviors, kill yourself. Talking during a movie for any reason is unacceptable! Silence is golden, and quietly talking is copper ($1/100^{th}$ of a gold piece), and no one wants to carry around a bunch of copper pieces. Black people, you get a waver on these two, as is your right, but don't take it to an extreme unless you're at a Magic Johnson Theater. And just a note to this, the reason why black people die first in horror movies is because it symbolically refers to what the rest of the movie going public are thinking when we try to suspend disbelief and escape into a movie, and some guy (not just Black people are guilty of this, but they are notorious in their consistency of this behavior, so don't call Al Sharpton yet, and take a joke you "politically correct" fucks!) starts talking to the characters on the screen. Do these guys actually think that the characters can hear them and take their advice? It makes me wonder what it must have been like when we were cavemen. When new cave paintings were shown did certain people shout out at them? Probably not, because if Gunga didn't have a good day, and he wanted to look at the pretty pictures in quietude, and then Gowi talked to the pictures while Gunga was trying to comprehend the pictures, Gunga might have brained Gowi, so as he would not make those unpleasant sounds again. So with all this said, why do some people think that they have the right to infringe on someone else's rights? In this case, the right to watch a movie you've paid for. Anyway, I have saved the most reprehensible bastards for my last complaint-the fertile filmgoer. These people are insuring the survival of their inconsiderate behavior by reproducing. They take new born infants (so young that the sperm hasn't hardened) into movie theaters. These people are selfish on 2 levels. The first is obvious- they don't care enough about anyone else to realize that their crying child is fucking up everybody's attempt to escape into the movie. Secondly, They don't even give a shit about their baby's well being. I mean, they bring a child into a dark, cold, and loud environment. I wonder what an infant's mind perceives gunshots, screams, and explosions as? I would imagine it would be something like Armageddon! I hate you people the most! Being a single person, I'm paying taxes that help your offspring receive goods and services I will never use. So try to remember that the next time you feel the need to fuck up people's movies you ungrateful fucks! In closing, I would like to say that movies in theaters are not worth seeing (except for the Lord of the Rings, I am a geek of course). The film industry mostly spews out dogshit, and you can't even see the dogshit because some asshole is ruining it for you. If you feel the need to engage in any of the previously stated behaviors there is hope. You can always go see The Rocky Horror Picture Show. Acting out in the theater is expected for that movie, and so is the blowjob from Riff Raff, in the parking lot, after the show! Anyway, I'll see you again in 3 months, and let's all go to the lobby to see what we can't afford-

Cecil B De Miller High Life

What is wrong with racism?

Bubble bubble toilet trouble. Once again, I have been scrying upon you mortals through my cheese cauldron. I see people all over your world (I live on Greyhawk) fighting over the color of their skin, or ethnic background and I ask," what is so wrong with being a racist?"

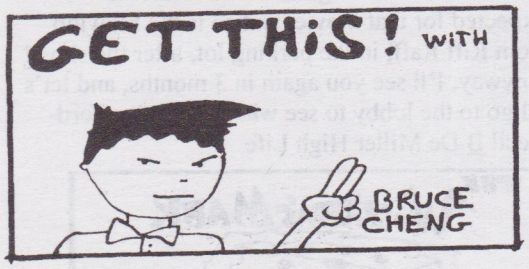
Obviously, I like yellow the best (very good for Munster summoning), however, wouldn't the world be better if no two cultures collided? Think of the white/black problem. If we shipped all black people back to Africa, then we could listen to stupid bands like Screwdriver and raise our hands and say," Black Power," oh I mean "White Power" to all our brothers. Wait a second, punk music like so many others derives from the blues, so maybe Screwdriver wouldn't exist without these "subhuman" citizens. But on the good side without ska (Jamaica not orange

county) then No Doubt wouldn't exist. Not such a bad thing, huh? We all could just listen to Willie Nelson and Hank Williams jr. for the rest of our lives, while black people could run diamond mines and nuke our sorry country listening asses with their nuclear program.

Next the Asian problem: Very easy. They all hate each other anyway because Buddha and Jesus are thumb wrestling in nirvana (no not the shitty band stupid). They can all just make gigantic Pokemon robots fight until they can declare a winner.

The American Indian problem: I have a final solution, let's just take their land (half of this problem is already solved) and casinos to solve the deficit problem. While we're at it we should also take the middle east. I mean you can't drive a Sentra in the desert, and no one is gonna' cruise down Ventura on a camel. That is American oil dad-gummit. Besides, when you become a racist, you don't need to make sense. You are just right! right?

So lets all segregate. I always keep my beans from touching my mashed potatoes. Next step is to wear the potato bag and burn a cross (but I'm a good Christian). To be honest though, the best thing about being a racist is the fact that, in my opinion, I never contradicted myself.

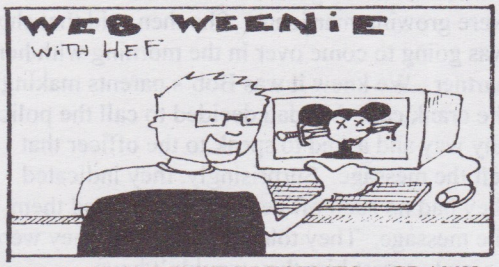


GET THIS!!!! I was coming home one beautiful day a couple of weeks ago and found a letter in my mailbox, which I thought was addressed to the zine, but then I found my name on the letter. I wondered who the hell would write me a letter. It must be a fan of my columns of "Get This." Wow! My first fan! I tore open the envelope and started to read the letter then I realized it was really about something else. I realized it was a guy inquiring about "Win a Date with Bruce Cheng." I was greatly disturbed. I'm not going out with a dude. I continued reading the letter and then it came to my attention that the guy, we'll call him Jose Garcia Sanchez, was actually inquiring if I would be interested in going out with his sister-in-law. I was greatly relieved. I responded to Jose's letter and we agreed to meet at a local Starbucks and talk. As I walked towards the Starbucks, I thought what if Jose is just a crazy person, and he is going to kill me in front of everyone, and the letter was just a ploy to get me assassinated because he didn't like one of my columns. Well, I went to the Starbucks and met Jose and we talked for quite a while, and we had a lot in common. He seemed like a cool guy, and he felt that I would get along well with his sister-in-law. I eventually went out with his sister-in-law, and it was a fun date. I actually had two dates. Thanks Chickenhead Records! I met Jose's wife and she was very nice as well. She made chocolate chip cookies for me that I thoroughly enjoyed. So if any ladies feel hesitant to respond to "Win a Date with Bruce Cheng," I would be happy to get you in contact with Jose and his sister-in-law to give you an idea of what I'm all about. Any way, enough of that crap and on to another true and adventurous story…

Racism. What is racism to you? Well, for me it was something I was fortunate to experience plenty of in my youth. Because of racism, my family was involved in one of the biggest drug busts in Southern California! In the early 80's, when I was living in Ontario, California, my brothers and I had a blue eyed, blonde haired friend that we will call Bob Garcia Sanchez, just to protect his family. In no way is Bob related to Jose mentioned earlier. Bob was the very first person that my brothers and I befriended when I was around 5 years old. He was cool and we all rode our Superman Big Wheels together. One day, Bob got a skateboard, and he thought it would be funny to throw his skateboard around like a Frisbee and try to hit us with it while we were riding around. When Bob was throwing his skateboard, he hit my younger brother Tony on his foot. We all enjoyed riding around without any shoes which we probably shouldn't have been doing, but Tony's foot got cut wide open from Bob's skateboard, starting from his pinky toe to half way down his foot. Once we all saw what seemed like gallons of blood spewing out of Tony's foot, Bob quickly disappeared into his house. My twin brother, Mark and I ran into our house to tell my Mom what had happened. We quickly rushed Tony to the hospital, and he had to get sixteen stitches. Afterwards, Bob's mom came over to see if Tony was okay. She was very nice and had Bob apologize. Then, a couple of days later we sent Bob's parents the medical bill and that's when things changed. Two weeks passed by and we didn't see Bob outside at all. Bob's parents and my parents were having some problems and they couldn't get them to pay for the medical expenses. We did eventually see Bob after the two weeks had past, and he turned into a mini Hitler. All of the sudden we saw him become an asshole due to his parents brainwashing his mind. Everyday he would make fun of our race by calling us chinks and he tried several times to communicate to us in what he thought was "Chinese." Soon he got our whole neighborhood racist against us with much ease. We lived in a very unique neighborhood. Half our neighborhood dealt drugs and the other half of our neighborhood were police officers. Bob's parents had this successful business of

delivering this very popular brand of cookies and crackers to all the major supermarkets in Southern California, and underneath that business, had a successful underground business of selling drugs. They were the major supplier to all the pushers in our neighborhood. Undetected for years, the police officers would get hush money to keep quiet, Bob's parents were the lords of our neighborhood and my family some how ended being the hated outcast. Bob's power was very influential among the other neighborhood kids. I had wonderful experiences of him and his band of Nazis doing very evil things to us on a regular basis. For example, this one time during one hot summer, my brothers and I thought it would be cool to setup this new tent our parents got us on our front lawn and camp out because it was too hot to sleep in our house. Our dad was too cheap to run the air conditioner. Well, we wake up in the morning and we thought it hailing outside our tent but get this! It wasn't. The little nazi and his friends were throwing rocks at us and racial slurs as well. It started out with pebbles but then they progressively started to through bigger and bigger pebbles until they were huge rocks! We got out of our tent and they were still throwing rocks at us. It is truly scary when you get a rock thrown at your head while your decoding the "Chinese language" when it is coming from white man's mouth. There was another time Bob and his friends tried to close-line us with the strongest fishing wire you can buy when my younger brother and I were riding our bikes home from school. That wasn't so bad because they didn't quite work out the physics of it all. Bob had setup two kids to hold the line across the street when my younger brother and I were riding home. At the right moment he had his cronies pull the wire up with quickness and tried to clip us off of our bikes by our necks. Luckily the fishing wire wasn't strong enough but they reinforced their intentions by telling us that we should watch our yellow backs because at any moment they were going to kill us. It was pretty scary what they did, especially when we were just kids. We couldn't go outside our own home at times and we only went outside when Bob left with all the kids in our neighborhood to go play with other kids in other neighborhoods. Bob's influence on the neighborhood kids grew even bigger and eventually our best friend started to hang out with him regardless of what Bob did to us because Bob had cool toys bought with drug money. It was a little weird seeing our best friend through rocks at us one day and then the next day hanging out with us. The things Bob and his friends did eventually got ugly enough where we had to call the police on several occasions. The police never came because the neighbors that were police officers said they were going to handle it but they never did because of the kick- back money they were getting from Bob's parents. Its funny everyone hated us for years because it all started with a stupid medical bill Bob's parents refused to pay. People do stupid things in large groups because they feel since everyone is jumping off the bridge waiting for that alien spacecraft to take them to paradise, then it must be all right and true. Bob's hatred eventually grew to other races. I remember this one particular time we had this interracial couple live across from us. The husband was black and the wife was white. They had a retarded son that stood by the living room window staring at us all the time. The couple would always talk to my parents telling them that their son always asks about us to see if we were okay because he would watch what Bob and his friends were doing to us. It's amazing we had a guardian angel watching over us and he couldn't do anything because he was retarded. As time past, our interracial neighbors were driven because of Bob's racism towards the couple and their handicaped son. Bob and his parents then got really cocky and started to think they were better than everyone. Eventually, trouble started brewing in their own little drug business and they started to rip off their own friends but nothing went down until one stupid phone call by Bob's mother on one glorious day. My family and I were coming home one from dinner one night when we received a message on our answer machine. The message was supposedly by a female police officer stating that they were going to come over and arrest us because other neighbors of ours indicated we were growing marijuana. She then said that she was going to come over in the morning with her partner. We knew it was Bob's parents making the crank call. My dad decided to call the police any way and asked to speak to the officer that left the message. Surprisingly, they indicated they had no such officer. My dad played them the message. They told my dad that if they were going to arrest him they wouldn't have announced it to him before hand. They decided to check out what was going on and indicated that impersonating a police officer was a serious crime. My family grew everything except drugs. Two rookie cops came over and looked at our plantation and found nothing that was illegal. Then one of the cops looked over our neighbor's backyard and found three marijuana bushes right in front of them. As kids, I always saw our neighbor next door watering these ugly bushes and they always looked dead. I had no idea it was pot. Well the cops decided they were at the wrong house and arrested the next-door neighbor. Then the next-door neighbor told the cops if he was going to be arrested then arrest the neighbor across from him. In no time we had a dozen police cars and chopper hovering around our block, arresting half our cul-de-sac just because of a crank call the backed fired. The cops were recognized in the news for making

one of the biggest drug bust in Southern California and the cops in our neighborhood pretended to play dumb to what was happening. As we watched Bob's parents and half our neighborhood get arrested we just laughed. Not once did we let Bob and his racist ways get to us psychologically. We just didn't stoop to his level and he wanted us to react to his antics but we never really did. Eventually all his friends turned against him and his family for ripping them off on drug deals and they were nice to us afterwards. Then one day Bob immediately changed his tune. He was so cool to us and treated us respectfully. See what happened was my family got a huge trampoline from a friend that makes them for a living, one of those trampolines that you get at Costco but at the time you couldn't get them anywhere. All of the sudden my brothers and I were the coolest guys on the block and this was why Bob was nice to us. We let all of Bob's friends and all the kids form other neighborhoods come over our backyard and jump on our trampoline. After all the crap he and his family put us through he never apologized for what he did. We just had him stand out in front of our gate for twenty minutes watching us jump on our trampoline. It was a fun twenty minutes watching him beg like a dog. Then we felt bad. So we let him in our backyard to jump on our trampoline but by that time my brothers and I went into the house and all the neighborhood kids went home and Bob was by himself on the trampoline jumping with Hitler. The End



THE WEB WEENIE PRESENTS...CRANK CALLING FOR CHICKEN SHITS 101

Ever since that one guy with the pompadour invented the telephone, crank calling has become a favorite pastime among kids of all ages. Whether it be to rid one's self of boredom, entertain friends, or to just plain fuck with peoples' heads, crank calling can provide hours on end of quality entertainment.

In today's day and age of pussy ass chumps (most likely you) who are too petrified and don't possess enough creativity to carry on a crank call over 10 seconds, you can now easily command your favorite celebrities to talk for you... and from the comfort of your own home (or work) computer! Yes, that's right. With just an internet connection and a set of 4-dollar speakers from Slave-On, you too can become a THP (Telephonic Harassment Professional). Simply log on to **EBAUMSWORLD.COM** and click on Soundboards in the menu list on the left side of the page. You can then choose from a variety of different soundboards, which use different distinct sound bytes from one celebrity's various TV and/or film appearances. For example, my personal favorite is one of the 5 Arnold Schwarzenegger soundboards. The page fills up with buttons that you can press with different sayings. For example, when someone on the phone says, "Who is this?" you can press a button and Arnold says, "I'm detective John Kimble!". Given the right practice, you can have hilarious conversations for hours with just one soundboard.

Some other of my favorite soundboard celebrities include Ms. Cleo, Jack Black, Bill Lumberg from Office Space, the ever-violent Robert Deniro, and Chris Farley.

Also, if you're not the crank calling type, you can just listen to other people's crank calls using the same soundboards on the website. They're good training for a first-timer or just entertainment. Once you're done with those, you can also check out the other goodies on **EBAUMSWORLD.COM** like jokes, animations, images, games, videos, and much more. As for me, I'm just gonna' go look at some porn. -Ze Hef

Hate Him.

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PRAYING IS BEGGING
BIG EXHAUST, LITTLE PRICK
JESUS ONCE SAID, "OW MY HANDS!"
CANADA... WHY?
OF COURSE JESUS SAVES... HE'S JEWISH!
YOU DRIVE LIKE AN ASSHOLE AND SO DO I
REVENGE
JESUS HATES YOU
New American Terrorist Organization
MIDGETS... NOW MORE THAN EVER
DOES THE CONSTITUTION REALLY PROTECT OUR RIGHT TO FREE SPEECH?
STOP HONKING YOU'LL WAKE THE GUY IN MY TRUNK
GERBILIFE
ASK RICHARD GERE HOW!
GET OFF THE PHONE AND CRASH ALREADY
IF YOU'RE GONNA RIDE MY ASS AT LEAST BUY ME DINNER FIRST
SHAVED VAGINA FOR A BETTER TOMORROW!
SAVE THE VEGETABLES
EAT THE RETARDS
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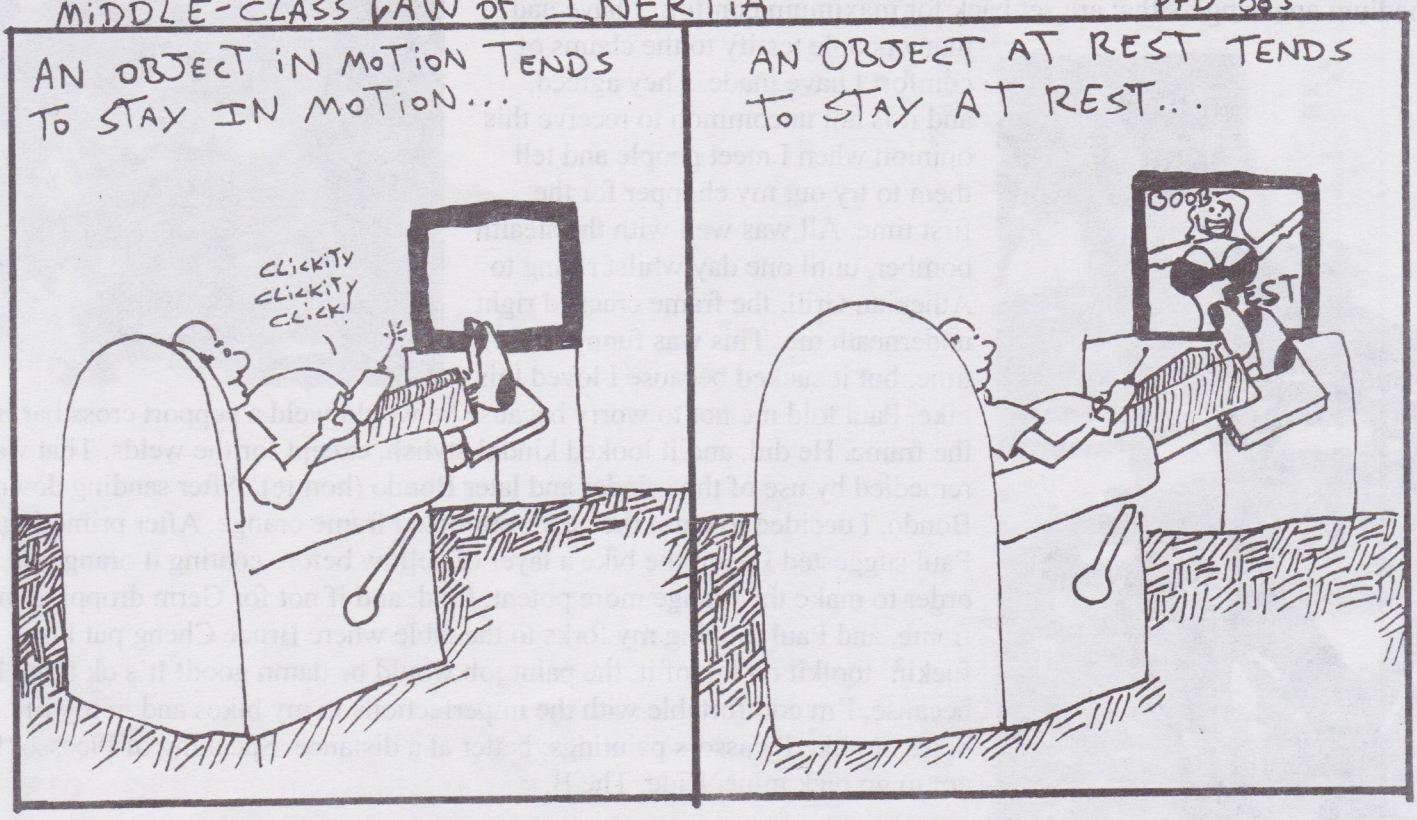
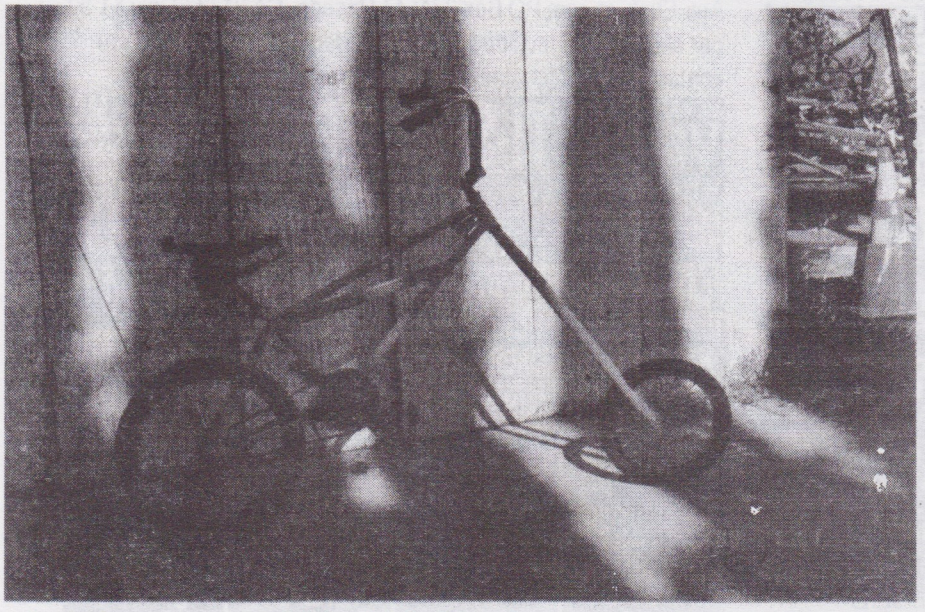
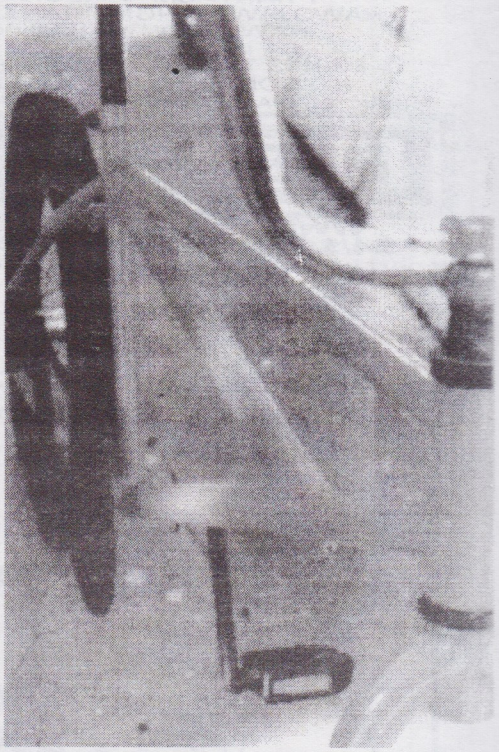
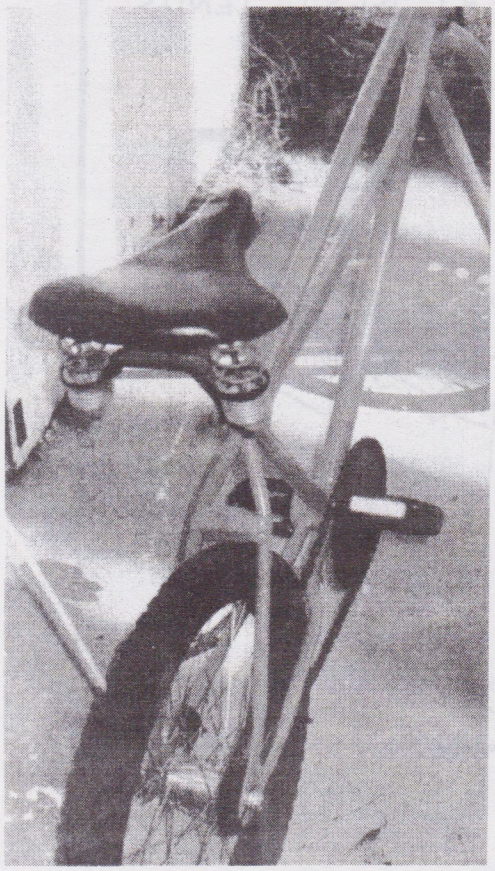

MIDDLE-CLASS LAW of INERTIA
PFD 03
AN OBJECT IN MOTION TENDS TO STAY IN MOTION...
CLICKITY CLICKITY CLICK!
AN OBJECT AT REST TENDS TO STAY AT REST...
BOOB
REST

Bad Ass Bike



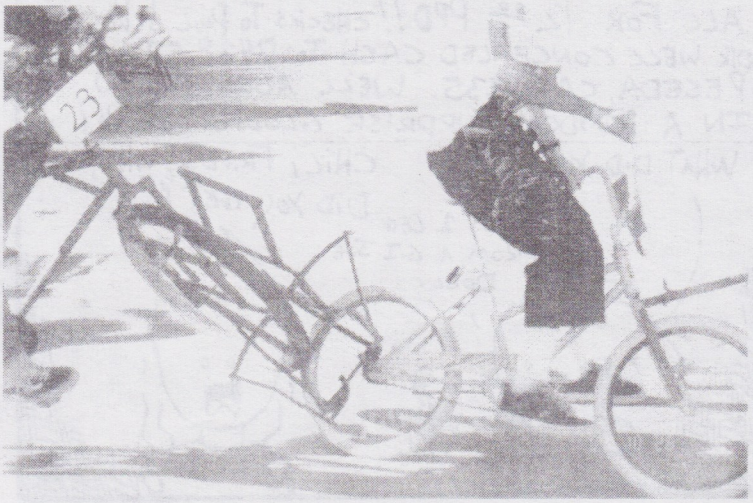
The Orange Jewlius started off as a standard chopper that Paul built to sell. It was only after I noticed that the rake of the forks were not as severe as the usual choppers Paul makes that I then decided to buy it. This purchase was also spurred the realization that I am a member of a chopper bicycle club, and being such, I should to have a chopper. Anyway, when I bought the chopper, It was black and scratched up. I t also had an uncomfortable plastic seat on it. I got a couple of cans of black paint, some ape hanger handlebars, and the original seat from my cruiser The Bee Cycle, and viola, The Stealth Bomber was born. Only a few simple modifications were done to this standard, light raked chopper, and I dubbed this bike the most comfortable chopper in the world. The reasons why I proclaimed this: first, the rake is light enough to allow a comfortable turning ratio. Also the seat is set at the right level. That's important because I have fallen on my back before when a chopper's seat and rake made it hard to take curbs. It's annoying and uncomfortable to have to remember to lean forward all the time whilst riding. Second, the seat is an old style (I know this because my friend Sal acquired an old Firestone Cruiser from who knows when, and it had this type of seat on it) pogo seat with a metal loop in the front. It gives more bounce than a mini-truck (sorry for that analogy, but I did graduate Poly High School in 1988). Lastly, the handlebars are medium ape hangers that are set back for maximum comfort. I have had many people testify to the claims of comfort I have made. They agreed, and it is not uncommon to receive this opinion when I meet people and tell them to try out my chopper for the first time. All was well with the stealth bomber, until one day whilst riding to Athenian Grill, the frame cracked right underneath me. This was funny at the time, but it sucked because I loved this bike. Paul told me not to worry because he would weld a support cross bar into the frame. He did, and it looked kinda' stylish, except for the welds. That was remedied by use of the grinder and later Bondo (homie). After sanding down the Bondo, I decided to paint the new, reinforced frame orange. After primering, Paul suggested I paint the bike a layer of yellow before coating it orange in order to make the orange more potent. I did, and if not for Germ dropping my frame, and Paul moving my forks to the table where Bruce Cheng put his fuckin' toolkit on top of it, the paint job would be damn good! It's ok though because, I'm comfortable with the imperfections in my bikes and in my life. My bikes are like Picasso's paintings; better at a distance. Speaking of Picasso, I've got to go pick mine. Ride, The B.





Choppercabras 3rd Annual Halloween Ride!

After three years of having a low turnout, this ride was the reward for sticking it out. If you'll remember, we had a mess of fires around the hills, so some people could not make it, but we still had 60-70 people show up. The theme was Pirates, and we were pleasantly surprised to see how many people got into the sprit of the thing by dressing up in pirate attire. After we gathered our forces we ventured out behind the local super market for another demolition derby and the new event: Tall bike battle royale. The tall-bike battle royale consisted of 5 brave (or stupid) souls riding on tall bikes armed with foam weapons. The objective was to strike the other riders with your weapons in an attempt to knock them off their bike. The last rider that was still on their bike was the victor. We were in a confined space so you had to maneuver well to avoid hitting the curb or each other. Two of the riders both tried to go around each other, and in trying to avoid running into each other, they both struck the curb at the same time, taking themselves out of the combat. After being struck a few times by Paul, one of the other riders lost control of his bike and collided with another rider; they both fell making Paul the winner by default. It was hard to gauge the action from one of the bikes, but every time I struck someone with my mace, there was a great reaction from the crowd. Reports from the field were that the action was very intense and fun. The next event was the demolition derby. We had 15 riders in this one, and in the end, it was duel between Berton and Bruce Cheng himself. Bruce eventually succumbed to fatigue and had to be carried away on a cycle-truck. Berton managed to win the title even though his ram broke off during the skirmish. Most importantly though, "the cheater" Juan was destroyed mainly by members of the crowd kicking his back rim. So the tables are turned for Juan, and he got a taste of his own medicine. After justice was served, we did the ride to Das Bauhaus, scarfed some dogs, and The Subjects & Varant Majarian played. All in all, a great time, hope to see you all at the next one.



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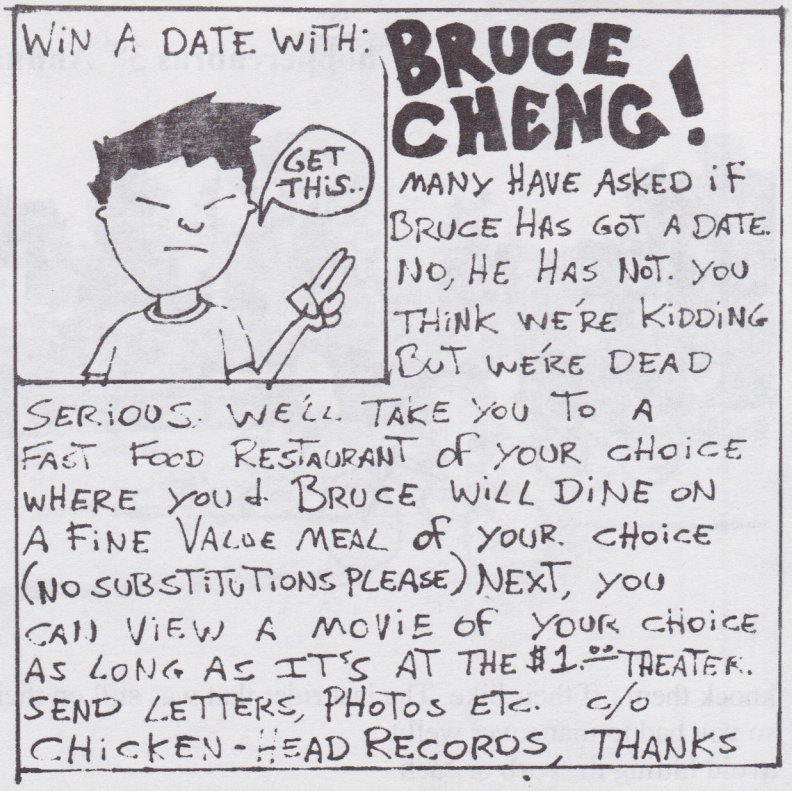
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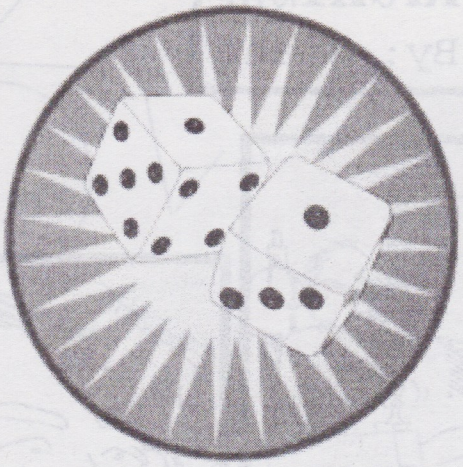
WHAT DID YOU GET?
CHILI FRIES, WHAT DID YOU GET?
I GOT 1 LEG FROM A G.I. JOE DOLL.

The Game Geek



Greetings fellow imbibers of a case of Mountain Dew, quaffers of cheese puffs, and those of you who roll dice, I tip my DM's screen to you. By the time you read this, the third and final installment of the Lord of the Rings movies will be out. It is truly a great day for geeks, and a great leap for geekdom when a series of books that used to get its readers thrown in the trash in high school has now become mainstream. It's funny that you can go to one of these movies and actually see girls in the theatre, and I'm not talking about the ones lining up to see Fried Green Tomatoes part 2. We have come a long way from the dark years when a geek could be scorned in public, his characters sheets torn, his precious dice strewn about the floor. After 22 years of gaming, I'm glad to say that I still enjoy it despite changes in the gaming industry and the advent and now supremacy of video games over the classic tabletop rpg (that's role-playing game for the uninitiated). I been put to the question: Why game? Well, there are many reasons why gaming is good, and there are, of course, bad aspects of gaming as well. In this issue I'm going to delve into the pros and cons of gaming.

Gaming is a great exercise for the imagination: With a good GM, and good players, a good game will really get your imagination going. In real life, troubleshooting and role-play are basic skills for problem solving. During the course of a game, you're faced with many problems and puzzles to overcome. You learn about tactics, attention to detail, and working in a group to solve a problem. Taking these skills off the gaming table and into the real world can really help you in solving the day-to-day B.S. that we all have to deal with. From gaming, I have learned to run all possible outcomes through my head before I act. Normally, I am able to make the best decision, as I've thought things through thoroughly before I've acted. Does this mean I spend too much time pondering? No, in a game you've got to think quickly on your feet just as in real life. In short, gaming primes the mind for quick decisive action; you are more alert and sharper to your environment.

Gaming is a great and inexpensive form of entertainment. One can spend a small fortune on gaming supplements, but if you are creative enough to work with the basics, one 30-dollar book can be used for countless hours of gaming. The average gaming session is about 6 hours; the average gaming group is about 6 players and one GM. So if you divide the number of people entertained into the cost of the gaming material (30.00), and then that number by the number of hours that you use it, it comes out to .71 cents per person for 6 hours of entertainment. 71 cents for six hours, when was the last time you did anything for six hours that cost roughly 11 cents an hour to do? Even watching TV will run you more than 71 cents for 6 hours. Most of the books for the various systems one can find used and even reduce this cost to an even smaller number. The bang for buck is awesome, and while doing things such as reading or riding your bike are also cheap, they only entertain one as opposed to a group. With movie prices going into the double digits, and gas near 2.00 dollars a gallon, gaming is a very cheap alternative. Also, the books never lose their usefulness, so the Advanced Dungeons & Dragons Dungeon Masters Guide that I paid $12.00 for in 1982 has yielded hundreds, if not thousands of hours of entertainment, and it still does to this day. Every game session reduces the per participant cost to pennies and even fractions of pennies over time. In addition to the economic factors, very few forms of entertainment can engage so many people at the same time for so long. The reason is that it is an active form of entertainment, unlike passive forms of entertainment such as movies or going to a sporting event. During a game session, the players and DM take as much action as they want; they entertain themselves at their own level all while enhancing the entertainment level of the group. Passive forms of entertainment require that you sit and stare, while active forms of entertainment engage the individual and keep them interested. So, gaming is very economical as a form of entertainment.

Gaming hones you reading, writing, and articulation skills. As mentioned in the first section, gaming improves you ability to think things through. It also improves your ability to articulate your thoughts. Most gamers are veracious readers, and gaming requires that you do a bit of writing as well. During the course of game play, one must convey their ideas as efficient as possible; having good communication skills is a prerequisite to being a successful gamer. Through constant honing of these skills, the average gamer becomes really good at taking in information, and articulating their thoughts well. Thus, gaming makes one a sharper individual.

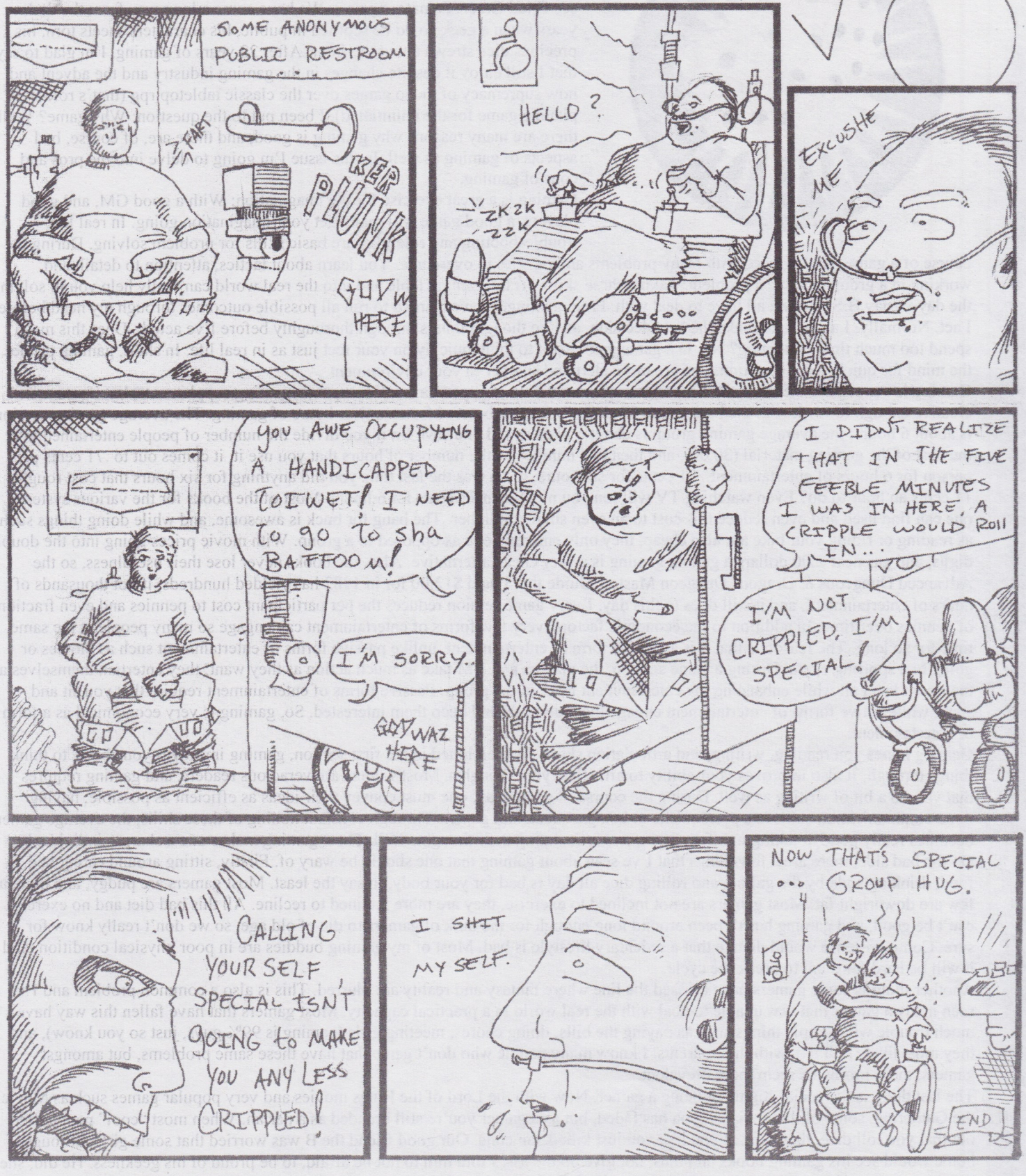
On the bad side, there are a few things that I've seen about gaming that one should be wary of. Firstly, sitting around eating bad food, drinking soda by the gallon, and rolling dice all day is bad for your body, to say the least. Most gamers are pudgy, and quite a few are downright fat. Most gamers are not inclined to exercise, they are more inclined to recline. All this bad diet and no exercise can't be good, and gaming hasn't been around long enough for the bulk of gamers to die of old age, so we don't really know for sure. Common sense would dictate that a sedentary lifestyle is bad. Most of my gaming buddies are in poor physical condition, and it will be hard for them to break the cycle.

Another thing is some gamers have crossed the line where fantasy and reality are blurred. This is also a common problem and I've seen many a gamer that was unable to deal with the real world in a practical capacity. Most gamers that have fallen this way have much trouble with simple things such as paying the bills, doing chores, meeting girls (gaming is 99% guys, just so you know), and they most likely still live with their parents. I know many people who don't game that have these same problems, but amongst gamers, these problems seem more prevalent.

The last thing is the social stigma of being a gamer. Now with the Lord of the Rings movies and very popular games such as Magic the Gathering, some of this social stigma has faded, but as a gamer you're still branded as a pariah. When most "cool" people find out that you roll dice, they look at you like you just killed someone. Our good friend the B was worried that some girl he brought home would see his gaming books and thus, not give up the ass. I told him to not be afraid, to be proud of his geekness. He did, she didn't seem to notice or care. All went well. Gaming is like anything, done in moderation it's great, inexpensive, and a fun way to have a good time with some friends.

THE HANDICAPPED HAVE TOO MANY RIGHTS...

By: Grant


SOME ANONYMOUS PUBLIC RESTROOM
FART
KER PLUNK
GOD WAS HERE
HELLO ?
ZK ZK ZZK
EXCUSHE ME
YOU AWE OCCUPYING A HANDICAPPED TOIWET! I NEED TO GO TO SHA BATFOOM!
I'M SORRY..
GOD WAZ HERE
I DIDNT REALIZE THAT IN THE FIVE FEEBLE MINUTES I WAS IN HERE, A CRIPPLE WOULD ROLL IN..
I'M NOT CRIPPLED, I'M SPECIAL!
CALLING YOUR SELF SPECIAL ISN'T GOING TO MAKE YOU ANY LESS CRIPPLED!
I SHIT MY SELF.
NOW THAT'S SPECIAL ... GROUP HUG.
END

Greetings fellow malcontents, it is I the Suburban terrorist here again to bring you yet more tales of mayhem, destruction, and disorder. This issue, I'd like to delve into automotive hijinks. Some of these things can cause loss of life or property, so they will be rated by a number of bombs: 1 being fairly harmless, and 5 being potentially deadly or destructive.

Shoe Polish: Shoe polish that comes with a sponge applicator is great for drawing huge penises on people's car windows. We used to carry around a tube of this stuff in the car at all times, so if we happened upon one of our friends cars, we could draw some dicks on their windshields. It will clean up from glass easily; I'm not sure about shoe polish on paint however.

Pee on the vents: Simply pee in the vents where the hood and the windshield meet. On most cars, this is where outside air for the heater and air conditioning are taken in. This will suck the pee smell right into the inside of the car, making for a stinky ride. Normally done best to someone you don't like, because they will certainly not like you after you piss all over their car.

Potato in the tail pipe: Very simple: use a potato or other object to block the flow of exhaust from the target vehicle. While this will not usually cause any permanent damage to the car, it may confuse them for a time and lead to some unnecessary repair bills. The car will drive for a few seconds and then stall. It will restart, only to stall again.

Can on a string: A simple and fairly harmless prank that involves tying a soda can to the back of the car. Use enough string to place the can in the gutter so the driver will be none the wiser. As they drive, a horrible rattling noise will be coming from the back of their car. If they stop, the noise will stop, so unless they actually get out of the car an look for a problem, they won't see that it's just a can tied to the back of their car. Works best on older cars where their drivers are attuned to little noises as signs of trouble.

Nuts in the hubcap: Put some nuts (the metal kind) inside a hubcap. At slow speeds the car will make a huge racket of shredding metal. At high speeds and at a stop the noise will go away. Looking at the car will reveal nothing wrong, only when it is moving will the noise be heard. Such a prank can scratch up the rims and hubcap a bit and will cause much distress in someone that is not so mechanically inclined.

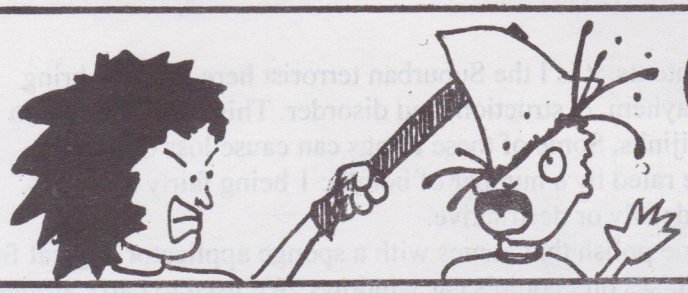
Dog doo under the door handles: Scoop up a fresh turd with a piece of cardboard and then scrape it under a car door handles. If you're feeling nice, you can use peanut butter.

Super Ball in the gas tank: Put a super ball in the gas tank. Eventually the fuel pump will suck the ball over the intake nozzle causing the car to run out of gas. When it shuts off, the fuel pump will stop causing the super ball to roll back into the tank. The car will restart and subsequently stall again as the ball will be sucked back over the fuel intake nozzle. Usually the gas tank will have to be pulled and the ball removed for the problem to stop. Since this is not a common problem, the repair will be one of costly trial and error troubleshooting. Best done to someone that you wish to suffer.

Screw in the tire: Now any rank amateur can slash a tire but it takes a true Suburban Terrorist to think long term. Put a few screws into the tread of a tire. As the car drives away, they will complete the job and puncture the tire. Most of the time this will cause a slow leak, so the target will be stranded far from home. Do one tire to make it look like an accident, or all four to let them know that they are generally hated.

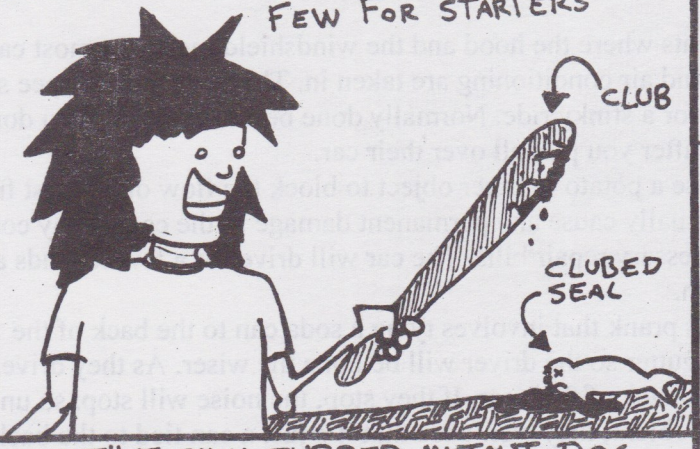
Cutting the Brake Lines: A great one if you're looking to kill someone. Simply use a pair of wire cutters to make a small cut in the front brake lines. 2/3 of the braking is done by the front brakes, so when they lose effectiveness, one can really be in trouble. A small hole will cause the brake to lose force with each use until they fail completely. If you cut the lines totally, a puddle of brake fluid will form under the car and the pedal will go straight to the floor as soon as they start the car.

Loosening things & spiking the gas: The classic sugar in the gas tank will cost someone a total engine rebuild and a pulling & cleaning of their fuel system; a very expensive attack. Loosening things can have varying effects: Loosen some lugs on the wheels, or unscrew the oil pan drain plug most of the way for flying wheels or burning out the motor. Use your imagination, and watch the death toll pile up.



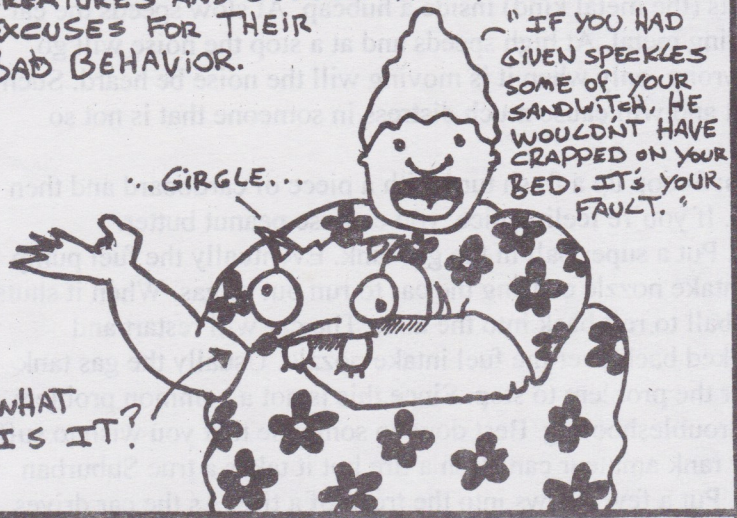
OH, HOW I HATE YOU

SOME PEOPLE SAY THEY HATE THIS & THAT BUT HAVE THEY REALLY GIVEN IT SOME THOUGHT? WELL, I HAVE. HERE ARE A FEW FOR STARTERS



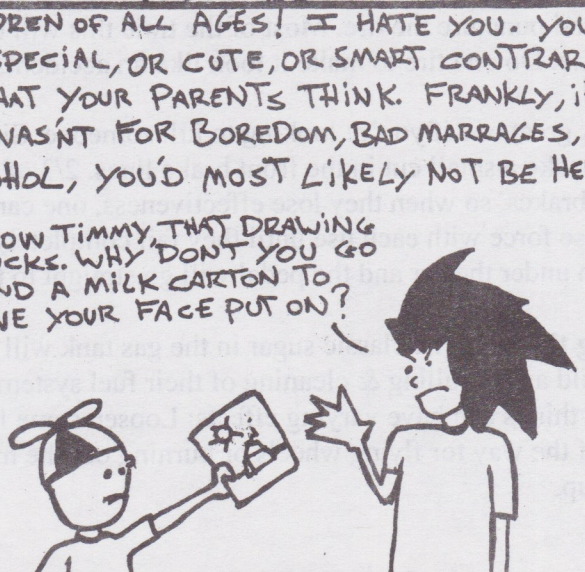
ANYONE THAT USE THOSE STUPID-ASS CHICKEN SOUP FOR THE SOUL BOOKS AS A GUIDE TO LIFE. ARE YOU THAT SPINELESS?

PEOPLE THAT OWN INBRED MUTANT DOG CREATURES AND COODLE THEM, MAKING EXCUSES FOR THEIR BAD BEHAVIOR.

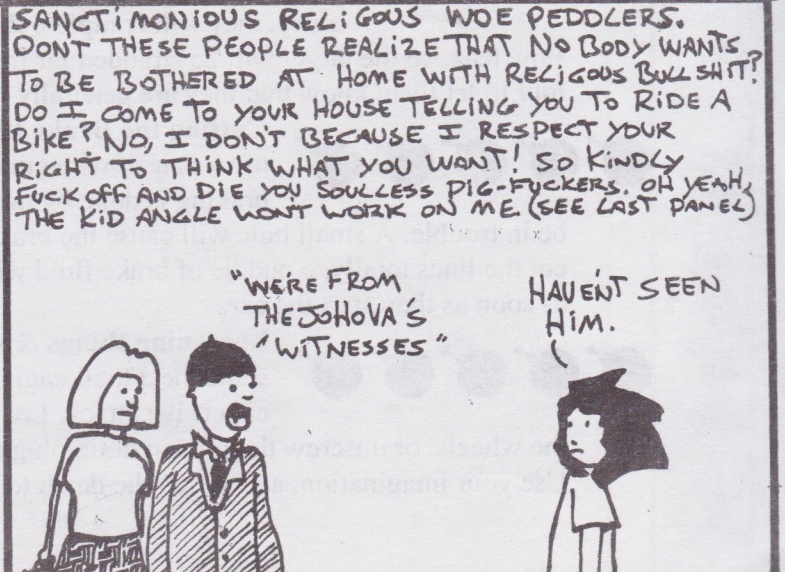


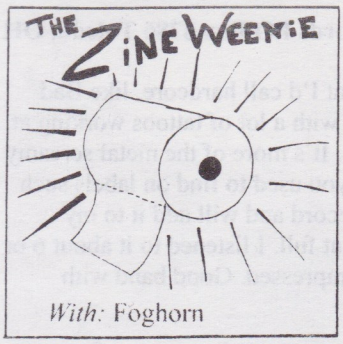
VEGANS & VEGETARIANS: WHAT A STUPID TREND, AND LIKE ALL STUPID TRENDS IT IS PEOPLED WITH STUPID IDIOTS THAT PARROT WHAT EVERYONE ELSE SAYS. IF YOU RESEARCH IT, YOU'D FIND FARMING CROPS KILLS MORE ANIMALS AND MOST OF THESE TARDS DO MORE DRUGS THAN THE OZMONDS HAVE TEETH, SO THE HEALTH ANGLE IS OUT AS WELL.

CHILDREN OF ALL AGES! I HATE YOU. YOU'RE NOT SPECIAL, OR CUTE, OR SMART CONTRARY TO WHAT YOUR PARENTS THINK. FRANKLY, IF IT WASN'T FOR BOREDOM, BAD MARRAGES, AND ALCOHOL, YOU'D MOST LIKELY NOT BE HERE.



SANCTIMONIOUS RELIGOUS WOE PEDDLERS. DONT THESE PEOPLE REALIZE THAT NO BODY WANTS TO BE BOTHERED AT HOME WITH RELIGOUS BULLSHIT? DO I COME TO YOUR HOUSE TELLING YOU TO RIDE A BIKE? NO, I DON'T BECAUSE I RESPECT YOUR RIGHT TO THINK WHAT YOU WANT! SO KINDLY FUCK OFF AND DIE YOU SOULLESS PIG-FUCKERS. OH YEAH, THE KID ANGLE WONT WORK ON ME. (SEE LAST PANEL)





Flashpoint #4 8½ X 11 56 pgs Shannon Colebank Whizzbanger Productions P.O. Box 5591 Portland, OR 97228, $10.00, $12.00 world

The purpose of a zine review is to tell the prospective buyer if this zine is worth their time and money. Flashpoint #4 is not worth the paper it's printed on. This zine tries to tackle ethics. I could waste a lot of my printer's ink refuting these poorly thought out arguments, but that would be a waste of time. This rag reads like a cross between a sappy hippy journal and a freshman philosphy paper. It's proabably one of the worst zines that I 've ever read. The author/editor has a basic stance that Communisim and Whitchcraft are good ways for people to govern their lives. He really spends no time supporting this claim, instead he bashes other systems as if to leave you with only one option. If it were free I'd still say it's a waste of time, as you could get a better understanding of ethics by reading a basic philosphy book in a public library. The final blow to this hunk of bird cage lining is the outrageous price of $10.00! In my viewpoint, anything over 2 bucks is no longer a Zine, and you could very easily spend ten dollars on many other worthwhile purchases instead of this pile of dog shit. Rend! Burn! Discard! P. de Valera.

America's Nazi War Crimes, Whizzbanger Productions, P.O. Box 5591, Portland, OR, 97228, USA, $4.00 USA, Canada, Mexico, $6.00 World

The first thing I have to say is, the editor and contact for this pamphlet (this is not a zine), Shannon Colebank, is a complete whack job. I have two publications from her (the other one will be reviewed in the next CHR zine) and I must say, from all that I have read, this is one mixed up bitch. This is a 22 page pamphlet on large clitorises and IGM or Intersex Genital Mutilation. That is correct, you heard me right! Large clitorises and intersex genital mutilation! It starts with 12 reasons why women shouldn't have surgery to reduce the size of a large clitoris. Then the second half is dedicated to IGM and why it is a violation of human rights to be changed into a woman or a man. What the fuck? Who in their goddamn rightful mind would want to read about this shit? I could care less about a large clit or if some dude has tits and a dick or if some woman has tits and a dick and they want to be changed to one or the other. But for some reason this broad wants to explore this in detail. She states that five children every day have forced clitoridectomies and the Nuremberg Code states that experimental surgery (ala Dr. Mengele) without the informed consent by the patient is prohibited. But nowhere in this pamphlet does she show proof that clitoris surgery is experimental. But she goes on a 12 page rag about it and how it violates human rights and so on. And the IGM part is as utterly insane and ridiculous as the first part. So, I have a two part question for all the men out there. How many of you have cut penises? And if you have a cut penis, do you feel it was a violation of your human rights to have your foreskin removed before you were old enough to decide whether you wanted to keep it or not? I know one thing, if I was asked if I wanted my foreskin or not when I was old enough to know what I was making a decision on, the last thing I would want would be a knife cutting a piece of my dick off... Foghorn

Citizine Magazine Issue #3, June 2003, www.CitizineMag.com

The cover story for this magazine is titled Hard Rock Trinity: Why Motorhead, Ramones and AC/DC Are Really The Only Bands That Matter. While all three bands are legends and inspired more bands than you even know, they left someone out. What about Black Sabbath? They say in the article that without the Ramones, there would be no Sex Pistols, Misfits, Metallica or Nirvana. But without Black Sabbath, there probably would have been no Motorhead or AC/DC. I mean you can link this music all the way back to Elvis, the Beatles and the Rolling Stones if you wanted, but to say those three bands are the only bands that matter is ludicrous. They even go on to say that there have been meaner, faster and harder rock bands that have come along since these bands formed, but Black Sabbath came along at least six years before all three of those bands and they were harder, meaner and darker than anything else at that time. So, right off the bat, I had it in for this magazine. But, on a positive note, however, for only $1.00 it is professionally done, printed on good quality paper, and the articles are well written although the cover story is a little misguided. This magazine also contains political commentary, film reviews, and some satire and humor. Overall, it isn't bad but I just can't get that cover story out of my head. Foghorn

Gulk #13 by Grim Tim, skybone@hotmail.com

I am convinced that the guy who puts this zine together is mentally disturbed. This is a zine complete with 30 pages of absurd doodles. It looks like what he did was try to come up with something very outrageous and then try to draw a picture depicting his demented idea. Some his doodles are in the comic book format with pictures and dialog and some are just pictures where you have to try and figure out what idea he is trying to get across. On the inside cover is a list of the titles of the doodles in the zine so you can look up what his concept is. The only problem with that is there are no page numbers to correspond with the titles so you gotta just flip around and find your place. Some of his more abhorrent ideas include sperm eye, pussy swoosh, Jon Chalant as a testicle, vampire yoga, esophagus condom, anal implant, etc. I think you get the idea. Anyway, this is a very DIY zine, half the size of normal paper and printed in black and white (no price given). Foghorn

Los Angelistic Life Issue #2, June 2003 (can't read e-mail address)

This is a sorry excuse for a zine, plain and simple. First of all, whoever designed the layout must be a total moron (or on some hard drugs). It was copied as a full sheet of paper folded over to make itself half the size. The problem is they didn't take the time to make sure that the fold in the middle would not obstruct their text. Secondly, it is all sloppily handwritten and very hard to read. And when they wrote something and wanted to change it, instead of totally erasing the error and re-writing it, they wrote over the original text in darker writing, which is very annoying and even harder to read. Have they ever heard of white-out? On the back, it says plagiarism is a crime. Well, I want to know who the hell can read this to begin with? And what little I can read is not worth the shit so I don't think they have to worry about someone stealing their work. On the front cover, it has a picture of the corner of Western and Hollywood Blvd. with a caption that states "This is not a toilet". Too bad I can't say that about this zine. But even if you all a sadistic fuck and wanted to get a free copy, all you have to do is e-mail them. The problem there is if you haven't taken the Gang-Writing 101 Course only offered in the finest ghettos in the country, you won't be able to read the e-mail address. Foghorn

Razorcake Issue #15, P.O. Box 42129, Los Angeles, CA 90042, www.razorcake.com, $3.00

Back in CHR Zine #6, I reviewed Razorcake Issue #12 and I gave it a positive review. There were a lot of things I liked about this zine and I gave it what I felt was its just due. Now we have been given Issue #15 to review and I am really disappointed where this zine has gone. First of all, the thing I liked the best was the East L.A. punk rock family tree, which traced back the roots of the current bands and where the members came from. Well, it is no where to be found in this issue with no explanation on why it is not included anymore. Also, one of the other things I liked about this zine was the amount of record reviews and their supposed genuine honesty about what they thought of each release. They still have a shit load of reviews but now when they review something, they come off with this elitist attitude. They act like they are the mighty punk rock connoisseur gods and we, the readers, are uninformed new school fools who will just take whatever they say as the way things are. What I have come to find out is they don't know dick about shit. And to think I once compared this zine to the late great Flipside zine from the 80's? I should be shot. Foghorn

Skare Tactic: Remember When Thorp Records PO Box 6786 Toledo, OH 43612

I'd guess you could call this hardcore. Not what I'd call hardcore, like Bad Brains (but I'm an old fart), or what some guy with a lot of tattoos working at Tower records would call hardcore, like Infest. It's more of the metal screamy vocals kind of hard core; sort of like the stuff you used to find on labels such as Victory Records. All in all, I enjoyed this record and will add it to my collection even though my CD rack is just about full. I listened to it about 6 or 7 times before I did this review, and I'm still impressed. Good band with potential and repeat listenability. P. de Valera

Negative Step: Conquering Punk Deep Six Records PO Box 6911 Burbank, CA 91510

This record gets extra points for having a guy with a battle axe (1-8/1-8) slicing up some stupid punk rocker on the cover. Inside: A beautiful assortment of excellent hardcore punk, I highly recommend this to anyone that is into good old fashioned hardcore. Comes on 10" black vinyl for the geeks. P. de Valera

Otophobia (self titled) Deep Six Records PO Box 6911 Burbank, CA 91510

Excellent thrash-metal! Fast paced, metal laced, and all thrashed up for all the thrash heads out there. They even have a Conan reference, how could you go wrong! By the way, Conan wielded a Bastard Sword (2-8/2-16), but now he wields a pen, and it hurts much more! My only complaint is that I could actually understand some of the lyrics. P. de Valera

Wordbug: Losing it all Boss Tunage PO Box 74 Sandy Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB UK]

According to the liner notes, this band formed in 1990 from the remains of two hardcore bands. The result: post punk indie rock that has no "punk" edge. It even comes to the point of have some serious emo leanings. Now, if you've read at least two issues of or fine publication here, you'd know that emo or bands that have even a smattering of emo in them tend to get thoroughly bashed. This release is no exception. I found it to be dry, bored sounding, devoid of energy and musical spark that to me are hallmarks of a good band. This is not a good band. This band is suck. P. de Valera

Off With Their Heads 4953 York Ave S Minneapolis MN 55410

This is a 7." In the liner notes they state, "emo pop must die." I couldn't agree more, and might I suggest that you guys start by killing yourselves. I'm sure you're saying, "we're not emo, we don't wear dad's sweaters, glasses, or scarves (scarves? Has it got that dumb? Yes it has.) we're (insert sub, sub-group of a sub-group of a sub-group here). I'm really mad at these dweebs, because I had to listen to this sonic diarrhea twice. I listened to it when I first got it, but I had successfully repressed the memory. Sad bones. Another thing that irks me is that they did the "cool" punk thing and blew all kinds of money on a 7" where a CD would have been much cheaper. In addition, the sleeve was just a folded up piece of paper. If you're going to waste money on a record, at least do something creative with the 7". The packaging was just as half ass as the music. Please go die. P. de Valera

The Minds: Rip out your eyes! Alien Snatch! Moerikeweg 1. 74199 U-Bach Germany

At first glance, I thought this would be another venture into douche land, but when I laid this little 7" down, I was pleased with the raw garage punk sound. This is great venom filled, high energy, rocket fueled punk as it should be. Normally, only bands that are the soundtrack to a good Dungeons & Dragons session such as Rush or DEVO can have keyboards, but this band pulls it off well, blending it into the frantic guitar and vocals. Excellent work! P. de Valera

Phobia: Grind Your Fuckin' Head In 12" Deep Six Records www.Jellobung.com/phobia

Fuckin' great, finally Phobia has something that doesn't sound the same as everything else. Don't get me wrong, love'em to death, great guys; just the last few records have been redundant. This on the other hand rules. I noticed a few Gimme Cum licks in their, but Grind Your Fuckin' Head In is probably one of their best pieces of work since Return To Desolation. Heavy and fast as shit drumming… keep it up!!! - Handz

Structure of Lies/Misery Index split 12" Deep Six Records/ www.structureoflies.com/miseryindex@earthlink.net

This split is ass jammin' music to party fuck. Structure of Lies is one of my new favorites; real heavy guitar and bass riffs, solid thick drums, and great vocals. Fist throwing party jams, they should set up a tour with LA's PINATA LAZER. On the other side, we have Misery Index, bringing you brutal ass pummeling at its finest. You can tell the Dying Fetus aspect, just better in my opinion. Drumming is thick, sick, and ass humpular. Guitars and bass are very heavy. Thick breakdowns and meaningful lyrics. Keep rockin, horns up on this split. – Handz

Cripple Bastards: Desperately Insensitive 12" Deep Six Records www.deepsixrecords.com

What can I say, 19 trax of assslamular fucko thrash from Italy. Why is it that I miss every opportunity to see them? Oh well, I dug this record; very heavy and real fast drumming. Grow your dreads. -Handz

Caustic Christ: Can't Relate Havoc Records PO Box 8585 Minneapolis, MN 55408

I saw these guys live when they were in town, and they delivered some high energy hardcore, the album is no different. This band has a very old school kind of feel to them that takes me back to the Wasted Youth's "Reagan's in" era of hardcore punk with cynical lyrics backed by driving guitars and steady drums and bass. If you're into bands that have a good stripped down, no frills approach to punk then I'd say check this out. I picked up the vinyl at the show (green for the geeks), but I'd say get the CD as it's got 13 additional tracks on it from various 7". Rock on. P. deValera

Cattle Decapitation: To Serve Man 12" Deep Six Records/Metal Blade Records www.metalblade.com / www.deepsixrecords.com

Gore metal the way it should be done. Cattle Decap has defiantly progressed along their journey in extreme music. Compared to other releases, this is my favorite. Vocals defiantly stand out and keep the songs diverse. Drumming is very consistent but very repetitive. Recorded and produced very well. Can't wait for the next record. – Handz

Phobia: Serenity Through Pain 12" Deep Six Records www.jellobung.com/phobia

This is what I was talking about, kind of repetitive. Remaining brutal as hell always, this album is rocking but needs something to set aside every song. I like the folk intro, this brings us into a different world for a second, but just a second, then you get right into the hard and heavy sounds. Drumming great as always… keep it flavorful. – Handz

K-Line: How You Gonna Scare Us Now? CD Boss Tuneage www.bosstuneage.com

This is an image. I was walking down Sunset Blvd on a Friday night, and someone gave me a ticket for the Roxy, so I walked in and K-Line was playing. Girls love K-Line. –Handz

La Motta: Love California CD Boss Tuneage www.bosstuneage.com

Not my bag of tea, but I can respect their sound. This music makes me feel a little uncomfortable, so I usually don't listen to these sounds. I can't see lots of ladies love'n'em though and that's what its all about. Keep rockin. –Handz

Catch Twenty Two: Dinosaur Sounds CD Victory Records www.victoryrecords.com

This made me feel really uncomfortable, sometimes I just get like that when I hear some music like this. Good playing and I like the horns. Good change ups in "rocky." Keep up the rock, less wine. -Handz

Annalise & Gunmoll Split 7" Boss Tunage PO Box 74 Sandy Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB UK]

Firstly, I'd like to say that this label Boss Tunage puts out some awesome looking 7" records. Every 7" has colors and swirly patterns and they are all about double the thickness of your standard vinyl. If you're a vinyl aficionado, I'd say pick up a few of these just for how the record looks. Annalise is reminiscent of post punk, pre-cursor emo stuff like Jawbreaker, Cringer, and the like. These guys have more pop leanings though, and the vocals tend to be a bit flat. It's ok, I've heard much worse come though here, but this band didn't really grab me. Gunmoll on the other hand has some of the similar sounds of the aforementioned bands, but they do harness the punk energy and drive much better, kind of like Avail. I like this band; they keep the head bobbing with straightforward high energy riffs and melodic breakdowns. The vocals are gruff with a good sound. I'd say check these guys out if you like the bands I mentioned above. P. de Valera

Terminus: Graveyard of Dreams, Boss Tunage PO Box 74 Sandy Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB UK]

This was an interesting release; the band ran through many different styles of rock, punk, and even a smattering of 80's esque death rock and new wave. This whole record had a sort of nostalgic feel to it and reminded me of many bands from back in the day such as the Dammed, Sisters of Mercy, Motor Head, and a bunch of older punk rock bands. The lyrical content was mostly of societal concern, topics running what you'd expect from a band with "serious" lyrics. Overall, different, decent tunes and ok vocals with a little to offer for most listeners. P. de Valera

Ben Grim - retro Boss Tuneage PO Box 74 Sandy, Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB, UK www.bosstuneage.com

Right away I could hear the Descendants influence. It sounds to me like these guys are all setup and trained to play mid tempo, happy, pop punk. They got all the generic pieces you would expect, happy whiny singer and all. Another band with players that can pull it off on their instruments, yet for the most part, they lack originality in songwriting in this sucked-dry genre. This band might be more appealing to me if I were younger and more naïve, especially with the trite lyrics. Poo. Hef

Southpaw - Trajectories Boss Tuneage PO Box 74 Sandy, Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB, UK www.bosstuneage.com

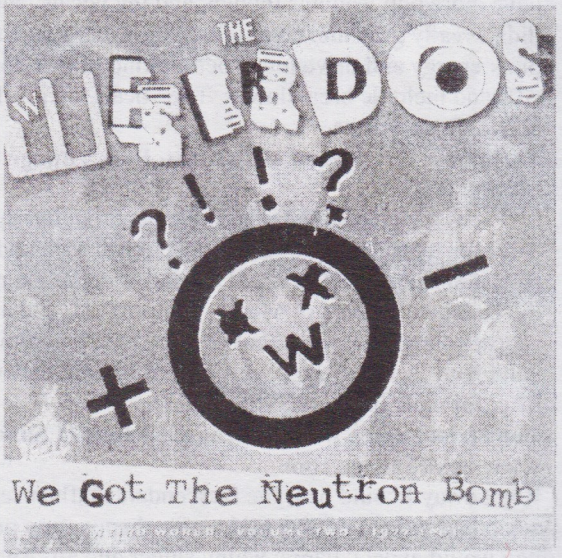
Here's some well-written rock 'n' roll sprinkled with solid melancholy overtones that I enjoyed listening to. The vocal style is a little too consistent for me, but it goes well with the songs and that's what matters. Overall, this is a cool record because it's a change of pace from what I've been listening to at the present time, and it's the right type of record to listen to when I'm just hanging out doing stuff. After it's done, I all of the sudden have the need for some fuckin Sabbath. Hef

Stampin' Ground / North Side Kings - Allied Forces Thorp Records, PO Box 6786, Toledo, OH 43612 www.thorprecords.com

It seems as though 2 hardcore punk bands got together and did a split CD of a bunch of covers from bands like Suicidal, S.O.D., Agnostic Front, Cro-Mags, D.R.I., and even the fuckin A-Team theme song. After listening to this, I want to hear some original music from these bands. All in all, it's what I expected it to be… take that however you want to. Hef

Volcano Vulture - Wave of Fur Bad Bunny Records, 52 Strickland Lane, Ardmore TX 38449
The first song off this one sounded like a pop-radio White Stripes type piece... which might be right up your alley if you like that kind of stuff. The second song was like chalkboard scratchings to my ears, and the lyrics were annoying. I can see where this band was going with songwriting and what they were trying to convey… but due to lack of production and probably limited budget, the overall sound quality of this CD is pretty low, and a lo-fi drum machine was used to the bitter end. Ass-ide from those factors, this might have some potential for a half-decent pop album. Perhaps a live performance might be a better representation. Hef

Mower - Self-Titled PO Box 60487 San Diego, CA 92166
These guys rock kind of like Stinkin Fart (Linkin Park), except they don't suck, they're better, and they are more likely to inspire anger in the hearts of show-goers, causing them to flail their arms and legs in a violent manner while colliding with each other constantly. If you like punk or metal, this album is worth a shot. Good job gentlemen. Hef
Killradio - Limited Edition www.killradiorevolution.com
Is punk rock a style of music? A way of dressing? How many spikes are in your mohawk? If you answered yes to any of these, you may now hit yourself. Killradio shows that punk rock is a mentality and a way of thinking and living… listen to the lyrics. These guys bring the funky jams and rocked-out anthems to the tune of revolution and defiance. Songs about teachers brainwashing students, the church system and people distracted by TV pepper this CD nicely. Killradio brings important issues to the ears of those who might not listen to faster, harder, more chaotic music and at the same time they also provide the fuckin jams to rock out to. I recommend checking out one of their shows to really capture their true energy and revolutionistic charisma. Hef
Modern Machines - Thwap! New Disorder Records 115 Bartlett St. San Francisco, CA 94110
This band brings a common up-tempo approach to old school mid-tempo pop punk, yet still they seem to get my head bobbing with the catchy riffs and giddy-up drum beats. Dig. Hef
DJ Hyjynx - Faith In Chaos 202 Studios 5020 Coldwater Cyn Ave. Suite 202 Sherman Oaks, CA 91423
This trance CD stood out a lot after listening to a bunch of guitar, bass, drum and vocal music. I bumped this one in my car to try and get the full surround and bass experience, and I did. I don't listen to trance and all that stuff as often as I used to in my younger days, but from what I could hear, this is good. If you're into "Dark Progressive Trance / Breaks" check out this one. Hef
Between the Buried and Me - The Silent Circus Victory Records 346 N. Justine St. Suite 504 Chicago, IL
Ok, what the fuck is this? It started out with some fuckin awesome thrash metal… and then all of the sudden some **CRAPPY HORRIBLE EMO!!!** Whoever the fuck put this monstrosity together has gotten really lazy mixing their metal and emo, and shouldn't be doing it in the first place anyway. I think Victory Records is really trying very hard to find the next trend to make all their money back from all these horrible failed attempts… yet still failing miserably at it. Congratulations, you just ruined a perfectly good thrash album. Posers. Hef



The Wierdos- We Got The Neutron Bomb Volume Two 1977-1989, Frontier Records, P.O. Box 22, Sun Valley, CA 91353 www.frontierrecords.com www.thewierdos.com As a kid, growing up in Panorama City/Van Nuys, Frontier records was pretty much the San Fernando Valley's premier Punk label. They put out some of, in my opinion, the most influential punk albums of all time. The most notable of these were The Circle Jerks-Group Sex, and Suicidal Tendencies' self titled debut. The Weirdos were a popular band, but they never seemed to obtain the reverence that The Jerks, Suicidal Tendencies, or even The Adolescents got. This now seems weird to me considering that Flea and Cliff Martinez of early Red Hot Chili Peppers fame were both in this band at one time. Then again, we never read the liner notes back in those days, and even if we would have, I doubt we would have known who the hell those guys were back then. I can tell you that before I put this disc in, I was already excited to hear it, just because it was a frontier release. I was curious to see if it would bring back any nostalgic remembrances of days past. Most of all, I wanted to see if I would remember any of the Weirdos' tunes. It was great, and hearing Cyclops Helicopter, and Shining Silver Light Brought back memories and a new found respect for this talented, yet often overlooked band. I liked this cd so much that I'm keeping it. Also, if you guys over there at frontier don't send a copy of volume one for review at some point, I'll probably wind up buying it on my own to complete the set. B (strange?)
The Planet Smashers- Mighty, Stomp Records, Union Label Group, 78 Rachel E., Montreal, QC H2W K6, Canada, www.stomprecords.com Canadian Ska. Oh wait, I stand corrected, 3rd wave Canadian Ska. I believe this album is as it name implies and more. It is mighty. It is a mighty act of sonic terrorism. It is as cruel to the ears as Mengele was to his victims' eyes. This album shows us what those guys who took Jazz band in high school have been doing since graduation. I mean it's what they've been doing after they've finished their shifts at T. G. I. Friday's that is. Planet smash sure, but start with Canada first. Fuck this band, and the maple syrup smelling, back bacon eating, French speaking Mounty they rode in on. Proud to **B** (not Canadian)
Benny- Our True Intent Is All For Your Delight, BossTuneage, P.O. Box 74, Sandy, Bedfordshire SG19 2WB, UK, www.bosstuneage.com Does Everyone Stare? Records, P.O. Box 1006 Edison, NJ 08818 www.doeseveryonestare.com Even though this is just Benny, and not Benny and the Jets, it still sucks just as much as Elton John does. This c.d. made me hope the mechanic shop

next to my house would make more noise than the c.d. itself. That's right, I would rather have heard an Asian guy arguing with his customers and some mechanics using power tools than the unspeakable horror that was Benny. With songs like The Theme from Benny, and a terrible version of Kumbyah (is there a good version?), do you blame me for harboring the desire to punch the mothers of each of the individual members of this band in the face.for their part in the evil that is Benny? **B** (without the enny)

Death Valley Meth Lab- Education Thru Violence, www.deathvalleymethlab.com dvml@mail.com Thought provoking lyrics, hard rocking melodies, and meaty rhythms. This six-song demo left me wanting more. The thick and heavy guitars, chunky bass (ala Funhouse by The Stooges), solid drumming, and blistering vocals kept the head banging and the fingers in upright devil sign position throughout the entire c.d. Definitely a keeper, and after seeing these guys live, I can give them even bigger props. They are definitely worth checking out, as they put on quite a powerful performance. Great shit guys, but it did make my nose bleed a little. Crystal **B**

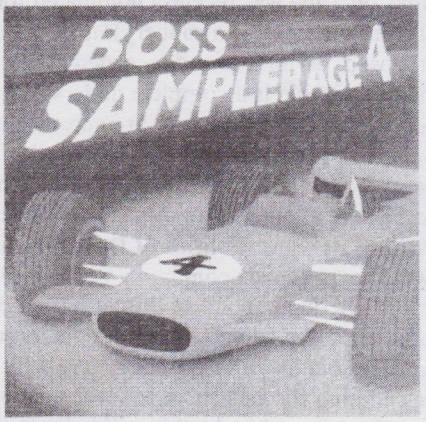
The Scarred- Demo CD, www.thescarred.com, (562) 477-5297, P.O. Box 2433 Anaheim, CA 92814 There were only two songs on this c.d. and in my opinion, that was two too many. Bland, boring, cookie cutter Orange County drek. The Scarred aren't the only ones hurting now. B (gentle)

Despistado- The Emergency Response, Does Everyone Stare? Records P.O. Box 35004 Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T5K 2R8 www.doeseveryonestare.com This band sounds exactly like At The Drive In. So, if you're into that band, you'll like this band too. Oh yeah, and if you do like either of these two bands I just mentioned, please kill yourself or I will be forced to kill you, and I don't want to waste the calories. B (careful)

Thought Riot- Sketches of Undying Will, P.O. Box 579613 Modesto, CA 95357-9613 www.thoughtriot.com thoughtriot@hotmail.com Thought Riot, how 'bout a two word review-Thought Wrong (thank you Spinal Tap). My question to you is, why is Will undying when we keep firing at him? B (thoughtful?)

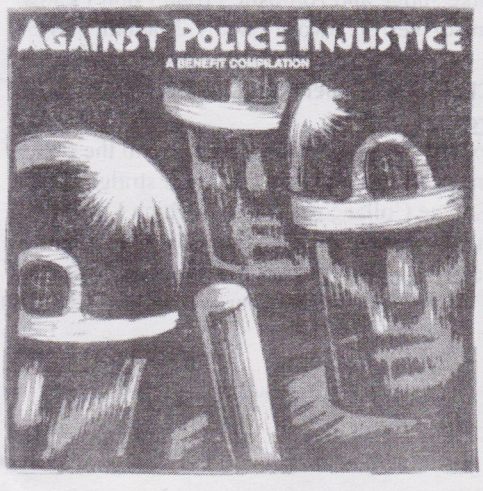
Reno Divorce- You're Only Making It Worse, Boss Tuneage P.O. Box 74 Sandy, Bedfordshire, SG19 2 WB, UK www.bosstuneage.com www.renodivorce.com This band sounds sort of like Social Distortion but more poppy. If that's your bag then you'll probably dig it. As for me, I found it musically lacking and devoid of energy, kind of like Social Distortion. I know you're all crying blasphemy, but I 'm sorry that band never did it for me, and this one doesn't either. Alimon-B

Snuff – S:9F Disposable Income, Union Records, 78 Rachel Street, East, Montreal, Quebec, Canada N2W 1C6 I have almost nothing left to say after typing out that address. Pop-ish punk rock/punk-ish pop rock, you decide. It's pretty typical stuff for its style, nothing that really sets it apart – the singer has the requisite whine, etc. It didn't make me claw at my ears, much. But it did produce some mild irritation, dizziness and an aversion to sudden movement, for what it's worth. –Kristin



Boss Samplerage 4, by Boss Tuneage PO Box 74, Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB, UK or 75 Tenjincho, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo, 162-0808, Japan There are two disks to this compilation and far, far too many bands to list here. Go to www.bosstuneage.com to get the lowdown for this one. A mix of different rock and punk styles, one favorite being a Devo-influenced "Hate List" by the Kick Joneses. There's a lot to listen to, Disk One clocking in at 78:47 and Two a more modest 78:25. Highly recommended for amphetamine-fueled housecleaning. -Kristoon

MJB (Michael J. Bowman), 60 Whalesback, Red Hook NY, 12571, www.semperlofi.com I think this'd fit safely in the indie rock category but any further than that I can't say. There're only two tracks, "Hey 40" and "Fake Rock". "Hey 40" smells slightly of Camper Van Beethoven while "Fake Rock" is just that, a parody, although the verse repetition + mild falsetto grated after a bit. Safe for most pets. –XXtin



Against Police Injustice – A Benefit Comp. Non-Commercial Records – available through www. ahmadnelson.com So far as I've been listening, this cd kicks ass. Benefit aside, this is a comp definitely worth having. Twenty-five tracks, mostly a variety punk & cookie monster with some standouts (see "Stinky" by Morning Forty Federation, por favor) with bands like Segue, Skarp, F-Minus and False Prophets pitching in. A good mix overall. There weren't many songs I skipped over, so maybe you like, yes? – Kristin

A Small Victory – The Pieces We Keep, Lobster Records PO Box 1473 Santa Barbara CA 93102 Emo. Rock. And while I hate, HATE, emo in any incarnation this wasn't a bad listen, due to good energy & that the singer left the whine behind. How'd you get Neve Campbell to pose with you guys? She's the first person on the cover lineup! Nice. –Krstn

Park – It Won't Snow Where You're Going, Lobster Records PO Box 1473 Santa Barbara CA 93102 www.parkmusic.com Well, it's not snowing where you're going, cause you're going to HELL! We gotta get someone who actually likes emo to start doing reviews, too. This band had the whine that the other didn't, which killed it for me. –Kristin

Manifesto Jukebox, Boss Tuneage, PO Box 74, Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB, UK or
75 Tenjincho, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo, 162-0808, Japan The address has it in for me, but the music itself is harmless. A sort of melodic punk, its Hüsker Dü-ality is probably what's saving it from the dulling fate of the last band (I'm not saying its name. I don't want to invoke it). Will not bite nor cause bad breath. –Kristanbul

Blocko, Boss Tuneage PO Box 74, Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB, UK or
75 Tenjincho, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo, 162-0808, Japan Cut-and-paste is my friend. And Blocko's, as well. A very energetic punk band still following a formulaic method rather than experimenting a little to make their own sound. This sounds so much of what's been heard before. For what it is, it's ok but it seems that they could be much more. Next, please. –Kristunage

The Quickies, www.the-quickies.com
Oi! Oi! Oi! That pretty much sums it up for this 4 song set. Good and quick – it punched in at 4:04. Same as my attention span. –Kristin

Jet Fuel – Piece EP, www.i□jetfuel.com Indie/emo rock. And terrible. It drove my neighbor's cat out of my apartment (which was helpful, so thank you for that). Otherwise, too long. This is a 4 song cd, as well, but this time the trt is 14:21. It burns! –K

American Conflict – Under Attack LP no contact information given Auulaug! This starts out with an Ahnold intro, then goes all punk-like. Pretty good stuff, so it's a pity there's no way to get a hold of them. But so you know, their names are Eric, Luis, Escobar and Derek. I'm here to help. - Sister Mary Kristin Ignatius

All Out War: Condemned to Suffer CD, Victory Records, 346 N. Justine St. Suite 504, Chicago, IL 60607, alloutwar@optonline.net, condemnedtosuffer@aol.com, www.victoryrecords.com
Since when did Victory Records start putting out 80's sounding death metal? This has everything you would expect from a death metal band. Growling vocals that border Cookie Monster style, harmonic rhythm guitar sections (ala Morbid Angel), overbearing double bass drums (ala every death metal band) and some speedy songs (not blast beat but more along the lines of Sodom if anybody remembers them). I must say though that I was surprised at the production on this release. It is very solid, tight and powerful. But my main knock on this other than the almost constant double bass drumming is when they go fast, the drummer cheats and it's very blatant and pronounced on here. This is not a bad release but just not anything you haven't heard before and anything you haven't heard done much better. Foghorn

B.I.T.E. CDR, www.bitemusic.com
Oh man, this B.I.T.E.'s bigtime. This is a CDR that was mailed to us with no cover, no information, nothing. The info written on the CD was the 8 song titles, all music and lyrics by B.I.T.E. and the web address. Anyway, the music on this CD is best described as the alternative crap you get on KROQ with whiney, annoying vocals. It's very generic and uninspiring, and they try to do that start mellow, then hard, back to mellow, then hard pattern that just doesn't work here and every song sounds exactly the same. Here is a message to B.I.T.E., don't quit your day jobs. Foghorn

Books on Tape: Sings the Blues, Diffusion 1 Media, 4580 Avenue de Lorimier, Montreal, QC H2H 2B5, http://www.notype.com/, http://www.electrocd.com/, http://www.greydayproductions.com/
Books on Tape was recently nominated for an award in the L.A. Weekly in the Uncategorizable category. Although it didn't win (many publications called it a robbery), it stands alone on top of the electronic heap. The brainchild of Books on Tape, Todd Matthew Drootin, composed, performed and recorded all the music contained on this disc. Upon first listening, I was absolutely floored by what I heard. Uncategorizable is a complete understatement! Comprised of complete electronics, this disc takes you on an unexplainable ride into everywhere and nowhere all at once. There are so many sounds and noises throughout you have got to wonder how this one guy came up with all this and put it together the way he did. This definitely is not for everyone and is definitely not hardcore by any stretch, but it's uniqueness is one of the main reasons I like it. Nine Inch Nails and Pavement fans take notice! There is a new electronic project on the block that is above and beyond anything you might have heard, and it's name is Books on Tape. Foghorn

Burning Bridges: Politics of Dead Friendships CD, Thorp Records, P.O. Box 6786, Toledo, OH 43612, andy@thorprecords.com, www.thorprecords.com
First of all, do not confuse this with the Los Angeles hardcore/speedcore band, Burn Your Bridges. This is an entirely different band from New York. With that being said, this is the direction I would have expected Madball to go in. Just about every song is fast and has that N.Y. hardcore sound, with very heavy powerful breakdowns. I don't know if it's just me or what, but even though I should like this release, it really does nothing for me. There is nothing new here and it just sounds like recycled versions of bands like Judge and Agnostic Front. I don't know what else to say. Maybe this will help. On the little press release they sent with this, it states for fans of Terror, Sworn Enemy, Madball and Most Precious Blood. Foghorn

Down By Law: Windward Tides & Windward Sails CD, Union Label Group, 78 Rachel E., Montreal, QC, H2W 16C, Canada, www.unionlabelgroup.com
I have never heard DBL before so I had no idea what to expect from this. When listening to the first song, the first thing that came to mind was the vocals sounded like that Uniform Choice straightedge style. The drum beat was that upbeat drum beat (Integrity, Blue Collar Special, etc.) which I don't particularly like but my interest was peaked. The following songs, however, lost my interest pretty quickly. They had that punk rock "anthem" feel and sounded very commercial and the other fast songs sounded exactly like the first song. And like I said earlier, since I have never heard DBL before, I can't compare this to their other releases either. All in all, boring. Foghorn

Madball: N.Y.H.C. CD EP, Thorp Records, P.O. Box 6786, Toledo, OH 43612, www.thorprecords.com, andy@thorprecords.com

What the hell happened to Madball? Back in the late 80's, Madball released a 7" EP called Ball of Destruction. It featured Roger from Agnostic Front's younger brother on vocals (who was 12 years old at the time), and the rest of the members of Agnostic Front on the instruments. What you had there was true fast New York hardcore. But for these guys to call this EP N.Y.H.C. is absolutely ridiculous. This is a four song EP of crap! I mean, I know bands change and grow and I really like Biohazard (although I know most of you out there wouldn't consider Biohazard hardcore and probably don't like them either for that matter) but this doesn't even come close to that style either. To me, this sounds like a wanna-be Hatebreed, like jocks who think they are hard and badasses but in actuality they are just plain boring and unoriginal. Foghorn

Pipedown: Mental Weaponry, A-F Records, P.O. Box 71266, Pittsburgh, PA 15213, www.a-frecords.com

When I realized this was on A-F Records, I had a preconceived notion of what this was going to sound like. Well, my notion was correct for the most part. The first song reminds me of early Snapcase and Vision of Disorder. It has a punk rock feel to it but it's just not that good. The rest of the tracks sound like everything else on the other A-F releases I have heard. Plus, on top of all that, the vocals are very annoying and overbearing. God awful stuff from a label that has yet to release a band I like. Nuff said. Foghorn

Snapcase: Bright Flashes, Victory Records, 346 N. Justine St., Suite 504, Chicago, IL 60607, www.victoryrecords.com, www.snapcase.com

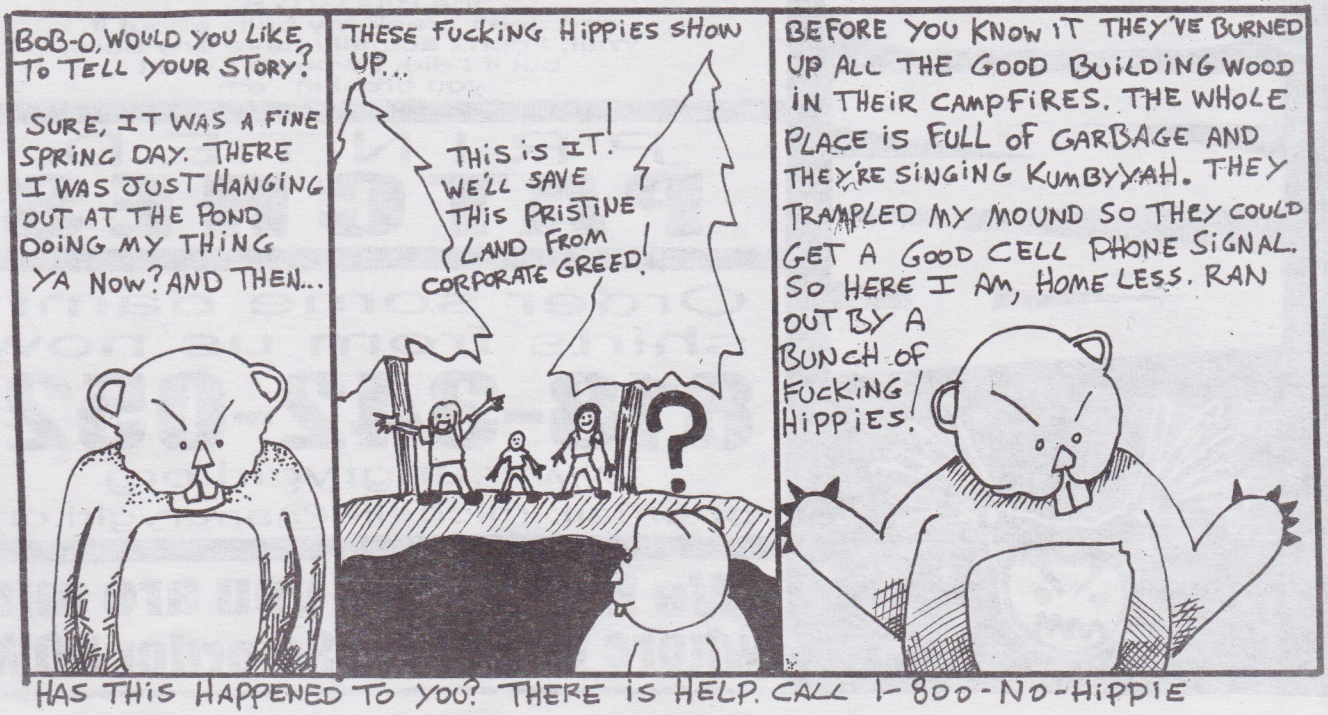
I really don't know what to think of this band. The more I listen to this disc, the more I like it but it sounds way different than their first release. This is not punk nor is it metal, it's more along the lines of hard rock. The third song on this disc is the best track on here. Titled Blacktop, it totally reminds me of Helmet from the Meantime era. It's ultra heavy and very guitar riffy with even the guitar solo following along the Helmet lines. Unfortunately the entire album doesn't sound this way. One positive is at least on this CD, the vocals aren't blaring in your head like their first one. Anyway, I haven't heard any of their CD's between this new one and their first one so I can't say if they have sounded this way for a while now or if this is a new sound for them. Either way, I like the old one more than this one. Foghorn

Voetsek: 8 Song Demo CDR, karatekex.com/voetsek, lawless6669@hotmail.com, akautsch@aol.com

This is blazing, maniacal, blast beat thrash punk at it's finest. This reminds me of all those great Japanese speedcore punk bands in the vein of S.O.B., Outo, RoseRose, Slight Slappers, etc. These 8 songs went by in a lightning flash, clocking in at just over 4-1/2 minutes. The CD doesn't state where these guys are from but the phone number listed for booking has a zip code prefix from the San Francisco Bay area so that is probably a good bet. If that is the case, hopefully they will be playing in the Los Angeles area soon. I'll definitely be looking them up on-line to get more info on them. I recommend all of you to do the same. Great stuff from a great new band. Foghorn

Words Away: These Past Weeks, Boss Tuneage, P.O. Box 74, Sandy Bedfordshire SG19 2WB, U.K., www.wordsaway.net

What the hell is this crap? This has got to be one of the worst CD's I have heard this year. What a second, I take that back. I can't think of anything I have heard worse than this in the last five years. I am wondering how this record label stays in business when they keep releasing one piece of shit after another. This isn't even worthy of KROQ, so what does that tell you? If you want to listen to the gayest thing you have ever heard, go ahead and grab this CD. If you like dicks in asses, you will love this. Foghorn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?
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